



THE
Miseries of Inforst
MARIAGE.

*As it is now playd by his Maieslies
Seruants.*

Qui Alios, (seipsum) docet.

By George Wilkins.



LONDON

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The Miseries of inforst Mariage.

Enter Sir Francis Ilford, Wentloe, and Bartley.

Bart. **B**Vt Francke, Franke, now we are come to the house,
what shall we make to be our busines?

Ilford. Tut, let vs be Impudent enough, and good inough.

Went. We haue no acquaintaince heere, but young *Scar-*
borrow. *Ilf.* How no acquaintance: Angels guard me from thy
company. I tel thee *Wentloe* thou art not worthy to weare guilte
Spurs, cleane Linnen, nor good Cloaths.

Went. Why for Gods sake?

Ilford. By this hand thou art not a man fit to Table at an Ordi-
nary, keepe Knights company to Bawdy houses, nor Begger thy
Taylor.

Went. Why then I am free from Cheaters, cleare from the Pox,
and escape Cursles?

Ilf. Why doost thou think there is any Christians in the world?

Went. I and Iewes too, Brokers, Puritans, and Sergiants.

Ilf. Or doost thou meane to begge after Charity, that goes in a
cold sute already, that thou talkest thou hast no acquaintance here.
I tel thee *Wentloe* thou canst not liue on this side of the world: feed
wel, drink Tobacco, and be honored into the presence, but thou
must be acquainted with all sortes of men, I and so farre in to, till
they desire to be more acquainted with thee.

Bart. True, and then you shall be accompted a gallant of good
credit.

Enter Clowne.

Ilf. But stay, here is a Scrape-trencher arrived: How now blew
bottle, are you of the house?

Clow. I haue heard of many blacke Jacks Sir, but neuer of a blew
Bottle.

Ilf. Well Sir, are you of the house?

A 2

Clown

The Miseries

Clow. No Sir, I am twenty yarden without, and the house stands without me.

Bart. Prethee tels who owes this building.

Clow. He that dwels in it Sir.

Ilf. Who dwels in it then.

Clow. He that owes it.

Ilf. Whats his name.

Clow. I was none of his God-father.

Ilf. Dus maister Scarberow lie heere,

Clow. Ile giue you a rime for that Sir,
Sicke men may lie, and dead men in their Graues,
Few else do lie abed at noone, but Drunkards, Punks, & knaues.

Ilf. What am I the better for thy answer?

Clow. What am I the better for thy question?

Ilf. Why nothing.

Clow. Why then of nothing comes nothing.

Enter Scarborrow.

Went. Sblud this is a philosophicall foole.

Clow. Then I that am a foole by Art, am better then you that
are fooles by nature. *Exit*

Scar. Gentlemen, welcome to Yorkshire.

Ilf. And well incountred my little Villaine of fifteene hundred
a yeare, Stut what makest thou heere in this barren soyle of the
North, when thy honest friends misse thee at London?

Scar. Faith Gallants tis the Countrey where my Father liued,
where first I saw the light, and where I am loved,

Ilf. Lou'd, I as Courtiers loue Vsurers, & that is iust as long as
they lend them mony. Now dare I lay.

Went. None of your Land good Knight, for that is laid to mor-
gage already?

Ilf. I dare lay with any man that will take me vp.

Went. Who list to haue a Lubberly load.

Ilf. Sirrah wag, this Rogue was son and heire to *Antony Newe*,
New, and *Blind Mione*. And he must needs be a scuruy Musiti-
on, that hath two Fidlars to his Fathers: but tel me in fayth, art thou
not, nay I know thou art cald down into the country here, by some
hoary Knight or other, who knowing thee a young Gentleman of
good parts, and a great living. hath desired thee to see some pittifull

old Fox, giue the sonne halfe a dozen warme kisses, which after her fathers oths, takes such Impression in thee, thou straight calst by Iesu Mistris, I loue you : ——— When shee has the wit to aske, but Sir, will you marry me, and thou in thy Cox-sparrow-humor replyest, I (before God) as I am a Gentleman wil I, which the Father ouer-hearing, leaps in, takes you at your word, sweares hee is glad to see this; nay he will haue you contracted straight, and for a need makes the priest of himselfe.

Thus in one houre, from a quiet life,

Thou art sworne in debt, and troubled with a wife.

Bart. But can they Loue one another so soone?

Ilf. Oh, it is no matter now adaies for loue, tis wel, and they can but make shift to lie together.

Went. But will your father doe this too, if hee know the gallant breaths himselfe at some two or three Bawdy houses in a morning.

Ilf. Oh the sooner, for that and the Land together, tell the olde ladde, he will know the better how to deale with his Daughter?

The Wise and Auncient Fathers know this Rule,

Should both wed Maids, the Child would be a Foole.

Come Wag, if thou hast gone no further then into the Ordinarie fashion, meete, see, and kisse, giue ouer : Mary not a Wife to haue a hundred plagues for one pleasure : lets to London, theres variety : and change of pasture makes fat Calues.

See. But change of women bawld Knaues, Sir Knight.

Ilf. Wag and thou beest a Louer but three dayes, thou wilt bee Hartles, Sleeplesse, witles, Mad, Wretched, Miserable, and indeed, a starke Foole. And by that, thou hast beene married but three weekes, tho thou shouldst wed a *Cynthia rara avis*, thou wou'dest be a man monstrous : A Cuckold, a Cuckold.

Bart. And why is a Cuckold monstrous, Knight?

Ilf. Why, because a man is made a Beast by being married? Take but example thy selfe from the Moone, as soone as shee is deliuered of her great belly, doth she not poynt at the world with a payre of hornes, as who should say, married men, some of ye are Cuckolds.

Scar. I conster more Diuinely of their sex,
Being Maids, methinkes they are Angels : and being Wiues,
They are Soueraignes : Cordials that preferue our Liues,

They

Of Inforced Marriage.

They are like our hands that feed vs, this is cleare,
They renew man, as spring renewes the yeare.

Ilf. Theres nere a wanton Wench that heares thee, but thinkes thee a Coxcom for saying so : Marry none of them, if thou wilt haue their true Characters. He giue it thee, —— Women are the Purgatory of mens Pursses, the Paradise of their bodies, and the Hel of their mindes ; Marry none of them. Women are in Churches Saints, abroad Angels, at home Diuels.

Here are married men inow, know this : Marry none of them.

Scar. Men that traduce by custome, shew sharpe wit
Onely in speaking Ill, and practise it:

Against the best of Creatures, deuine women
Who are Gods Agents heere, and the Heauenly eye
By which this Orbe hath her Maturity :
Beauty in women, get the world with Child,
Without whom, she were barren, faint, and wilde.
They are the stems on which do Angels grow,
From whence Vertue is stild, and Arts do flow.

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop and his Daughter Clare.

Ilf. Let them be what Flowers they will, and they were Roses, I will plucke none of them for pricking my fingers. But soft, heere comes a volder for vs : and I see, do what I can, as long as the world lasts, there will be Cuckolds in it. Do you heare, Childe, heeres one come to blend you together : he has brought you a kneading-tub, if thou dost take her at his hands,

*Tho thou hadst Argus eyes, be sure of this,
Women haue sworne with more then one to kisse.*

Har. Nay no parting Gentlemen : *Hem.*

Went. Shut dus he make Punkes of vs, that he Hems already ?

Har. Gallants,

Know old *Iohn Harcop* keepes a Winefeller,
Has Traueld, bin at Court, knowne Fashions,
And vnto all beares habit like your selues,
The shapes of Gentlemen and men of sort.
I haue a health to giue them ere they part.

Went. Health Knight, not as Drunkards giue their healthes I hope, to go together by the eares when they haue done ?

Har. My healths are welcome : welcome Gentlemen.

Ilf. Are we welcome Knight, Infayth.

Har. Welcome infayth Sir.

Ilf. Prethee tell me ha't not thou bin a Whoremaister.

Har. In youth I swild my fill at Venus cup,

In sted of full draughts now I am faine to sup.

Ilf. Why then thou art a man fit for my company:

Dooſt thou heare, that he is a good fellow of our ſtampe,
Make much of his ſather.

Exeunt

Manet Scarborrow and Clare.

Scar. The Father, and the Gallants haue left mee heere with a Gentlewoman, and if I know what to ſay to her I am a villen, heauen grant her life hath borrowed ſo much Impudence of her ſex, but to ſpeak to me firſt: for by this hand, I haue not ſo much ſteel of Immodesty in my face, to Parle to a Wench without bluſhing. Ile walke by her, in hope ſhee can open her teeth. — Not a word? — Is it not ſtrange a man ſhould be in a womans company all this while and not heare her tongue. — Ile goe further? — God of his goodnes: not a Sillable. I think if I ſhould ake vp her Cloathes to, ſhe would ſay nothing to me. — With what words trodus a man begin to woe. Gentlewoman pray you what Iſt a Clocke?

Clar. Troth Sir, carrying no watch about me but mine eyes, I anſwer you: I cannot tell.

Scar. And if you cannot tell, Beauty I take the Addage for my reply: You are naught to keepe ſheepe.

Clar. Yet I am big enough to keepe my ſelfe.

Scar. Prethee tell me: Are you not a Woman?

Clar. I know not that neither, til I am better acquainted with a man. *Scar.* And how would you be acquainted with a man?

Clar. To diſtinguiſh betwixt himſelfe and my ſelfe.

Scar. Why I am a Man.

Cl. Thats more then I know Sir.

Scar. To approue I am no leſſe: thus I kiſſe thee.

Cl. And by that prooſe I am a man too, for I haue kiſt you.

Scar. Prethee tell me can you loue?

Clar. O Lorde Sir, three or foure thinges: I Loue my meate, choiſe of Suters: Cloathes in the Faſhion: and like a right woman I loue to haue my will.

Scar

of inforced Marriage.

Scar. What thinke you of me for a Husband?

Clar. Let me first know, what you think of me for a wife?

Scar. Troth I thinke you are a proper Gentlewoman.

Clar. Do you but thinke so?

Scar. Nay I see you are a very perfect proper Gentlewoman.

Clar. It is great pittie then I should be alone without a proper man. *Scar.* Your father sayes I shall marry you.

Clar. And I say God forbid Sir: I am a great deale too young.

Scar. I loue thee by my troth.

Clar. O pray you do not so, for then you stray from the steps of Gentility, the fashion among them is to marry first, and loue after by leisure. *Scar.* That I do loue thee, here by heauen I sweare, and cal it as a witnes to this kisse.

Clar. You will not inforce me I hope Sir?

Scar. Makes me this womans husband, thou art my Clare, Accept my hart, and prooue as Chast, as fayre.

Clar. O God, you are too hot in your gifts, shoulde I accept them, we should haue you plead nonage, some halfe a year hence: sue for reuersement, & say the deed was done vnder age.

Scar. Prethee do not lest?

Cl. No (God is my record) I speak in earnest: & desire to know Whether ye meane to marry me, yea or no.

Scar. This hand thus takes thee as my louing wife,

Clar. For better, for worse.

Scar. I, till death vs depart loue.

Clar. Why then I thanke you Sir, and now I am like to haue that I long lookt for: A Husband.

How soone from our owne tongues is the word sed,
Captiues our maiden-freedom to a head.

Scar. Clare your are now mine, and I must let you know,
What euery wife doth to her husband owe,
To be a wife, is to be Dedicate
Not to a youthfull course, wild, and vnsteddy,
But to the soule of vertue, obedience,
Studying to please, and neuer to offend.
Wiues, haue two eyes created, not like Birds
To rome about at pleasure, but for two sentinels,
To watch their husbands safety as their owne,

The Miseries

Two hands, ones to feed him, the other her selfe:
Two feet, and one of them is their husbands,
They haue two of euery thing, onely of one,
Their Chastity, that should be his alone,
Their very thoughts they cannot tearme them one,
Maids being once made wiues, can nothing call
Rightly their owne; they are their husbands all:
If such a wife you can prepare to be,
Clare I am yours: and you are fit for me.

Clar. We being thus subdued, pray you know then,
As women owe a duty, so do men.
Men must be like the branch and barke to trees,
Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage,
Cloth them in Winter, tender them in age,
Or as Ewes loue vnto their Eanlings liues,
Such should be husbands custome to their wiues.
If it appeare to them they haue straid amisse,
They onely must rebuke them with a kisse,
Or Clock them, as Hens Chickens, with kind call,
Couer them vnder their wing, and pardon all:
No iarres must make two beds, no strife denide them,
Those betwixt whom a faith and troth is giuen,
Death onely parts, since they are knit by heauen:
If such a husband you intend to be,
I am your *Clare*, and you are fit for me.

Scar. By heauen.

Clar. Aduise before you sweare, let me remember you,
Men neuer giue their faith, and promise mariage,
But heauen records their oth: If they proue true,
Heauen smiles for ioy, if not it weepes for you,
Vnlesse your hart, then with your wordes agree,
Yet let vs part, and lesse vs both be free.

Scar. If euer man in swearing loue, swore true,
My words are like to his: Heere comes your father.

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop, Ilford, Wentloe, Bartley, and Butler.

Har. Now maister *Scarborow*.

Sea. Prepared to aske how you like that we haue done,
your daughters made my wife, and I your sonne.

Har.

of inforcest Marriage.

Har. And both agreed so.

Boib. We are Sir,

Har. Then long may you liue together, haue store of sons.

Ilf. Tis no matter who is the father.

Har. But sonne here is a man of yours is come from London.

But. And brought you Letters Sir.

Scar. What newes from London Butler.

But. The old newes Sir, the Ordinaries are full, some Cittizens are bankerouts, and many Gentlemen beggers.

Scar. *Clare* here is an vnwelcome Pursuant,
My Lord and *Guardian* writes to me with speed,
I must returne to London.

Har. And you being Ward to him son *Scarborow*,
And know him great, it fits that you obay him.

Har. It dus it dus, for by an antient law,
We are borne free heires, but kept like slaues in awe,
Who are for London Gallants?

Ilf. *Swuch* and *Spurre* we wil beare you company.

Scar. *Clare* I must leave thee, with what vnwillingnes
Witnes this dwelling kisse vpon thy lip,
And tho I must be absent from thine eye,
Be sure my hart doth in thy bosome lie,
Three yeares I am yet a ward, which time Ile passe,
Making thy faith my constant Looking-glasse,
Till when.

Clar. Till when you please, where ere you liue or lie,
Your loues here worne, your presence in my eie.

Exeunt

Enter Lord Faulconbridge, and sir William Scarborow.

Hunfd. Sir William,

How old say you is your kinsman *Scarborow*.

Will. Eighteene my Lord, next Pentecost.

Lord. Bethinke you good Sir William,
I reckon thereabout my selfe, so by that account
Theres full three Winters yet he must attend,
Vnder our awe, before he sue his Liuary:
Is not so?

Will. Not a daie lesse my Lord.

The Miseries

Lord. Sir *William* you are his Vnckle, and I must speake
That am his *Guardian*, would I had a son
Might merit commendations euen with him.
He tell you what he is, he is a youth,
A Noble branch, increasing blessed fruit,
Where Caterpillar vice dare not to touch,
He is himselfe with so much grauity,
Praise cannot praise him with *Hyperbole*:
He is one whom older looke vpon, as one a booke,
Wherein are Printed Noble sentences
For them to rule their liues by. Indeed he is one
All Emulate his vertues, hate him none.

Willi. His friends are proud, to heare this good of him.

Lord. And yet Sir *William* being as he is,
Young, and vnserled, tho of virtuous thoughts,
By *Genuine* disposition, yet our eyes
See daily presidents, hopefull Gentlemen,
Being trusted in the world with their owne will,
Diuert the good is lookt from them to Ill,
Make their o'd names forgot, or not worth note
With company they keepe, such Reuelling
With Panders, Parasites, Podigies of Knaues,
That they sell all, euen their old fathers graues.
VWhich to preuent, wee le match him to a wife,
Marriage Restraines the scope of single life.

Willi. My Lord speakes like a father for my Kinsman.

Lord. And I haue found him one of Noble parentage,
A Neece of mine, nay I haue broke with her,
Know thus much of her mind, what for my pleasure
As also for the good appears in him,
She is pleas'd of all thats hers to make him King.

Willi. Our name is blest in such an honoured marriage

Enter Doctor Baxter.

Lord. Also I haue appointed Doctor *Baxter*,
Chansellor of Oxford to attend me heere
And see he is come. Good maister Doctor.

Bax. My honourable Lord.

Willi. I haue posselt you with this businesse maister Doctor

Bax.

of inforest Marriage.

Baxt. To see the contract twixt you honoured Neece
and maister *Scarborrow*.

Lord. Tis so, and I did looke for him by this.

Bax. I saw him leaue his horse as I came vp.

Lord. So, so.

Then he will be heere forthwith : you Maister *Baxter*

Go Vsher hether straight young *Katherine*,

Sir William, here and I will keepe this roome til you returne.

Scar. My honourable Lord.

Enter Scarborrow

Lord. Tis well done *Scarborrow*.

Scar. Kind Vnckle.

Will. Thankes my good Couz.

Lord. You haue bin welcome in your Country *Yorkshire*.

Scar. The time that I spent there my Lord was merry.

Lord. Twas well, twas very well, and in your absence,
your Vnckle heere and I, haue bin bethinking
what gift betwixt vs we might bestow on you,
That to your house large dignity might bring,
With faire increase, as from a *Chrissall* spring.

Enter Doctor and Katherine.

Scar. My name is bound to your benificence,
your hands hath bin to me like bounties purse,
Neuer shut vp, your selfe my foster-Nurse :
Nothing can from your honor come; proue me so rude,
But Ile accept to shun Ingratitude.

Lord. We accept thy promise, now returne thee this,
A vertuous wife, accept her with a kisse.

Scar. My honourable Lord.

Lord. Feare not to take her man, she will feare neither,
Do what thou canst being both abed together.

Scar. O but my Lord.

Lord. But me a Dog of wax, come kisse, and agree,
Your friends haue thought it fit, and it must be.

Scar. I haue no hands to take her to my wife.

Lord. How Sawce-box.

Scar. O pardon me my Lord the vnripenes of my yeares,
Too greene for gouernment, is old in feares
To vndertake that charge.

Bj

Lord.

The Miseries

Lord. Sir, sir, I and sir knaue, then here is a mellowed experience knowes how to teach you,

Scar. O God.

Lord. O Iacke.

How both our cares, your Vnckle and my selfe,
Sought, studied, found out, and for your good,
A maid, a Neece of mine, both faire and chaste,
And must we stand at your discretion.

Scar. O Good my Lord

Had I two soules, then might I haue two wines,
Had I two faiths, then had I one for her,
Hauing of both but one, that one is giuen
To Sir Iohn Harcops daughter.

Lord. Ha, ha, whats that, let me heare that againe?

Scar. To Sir Iohn Harcops *Clare* I haue made an oath,
Part me in twaine, yet shees one halfe of both.
This hand the which I weare it is halfe hers,
Such power hath faith and troth twixt couples young,
Death onely cuts that knot tide with the tongue.

Lord. And haue you knit that knot Sir.

Scar. I haue done so much, that if I wed not her,
My marriage makes me an Adulterer,
In which blacke sheets, I wallow all my life,
My babes being Bastards, and a whore my wife.

Lord. Ha, ist euen so, My secretary there,
Write me a Letter straight to Sir Iohn Harcop,
He see Sir Iacke and if that Harcop dare,
Being my Ward, contract you to his daughter.

Enter secretary

My steward too, post you to Yorkeshire,
Where lyes my youngsters Land, and sirrah,
Fell me his wood, make havoocke, spoyle and wast.
Sir you shall know that you are Ward to me,
He make you poore enough: then mend your selfe.

Exit secret.
Enter steward.

Exit steward

VVill. O Cozen.

Scar. O Vnckle.

Lord. Contract your selfe and where you list,
He make you know me Sir to be your guard.

Scar. World now thou seeest what tis to be a ward.

Lord

of inforced Marriage.

Lord And where I meant my selfe to haue disburs't
Foure thousand pound, vpon this mariage
Surrendred vp your land to your owne vse,
And compass't other portions to your hands,
Sir Ile now yoke you still.

scar. A yoke indeed.

Hunf. And spight of they dare contradiⁿ my will,
Ile make thee marry to my Chambermaid. Come couz.

Exit.

Bax. Faith Sir it fits you to be more aduis'd.

scar. Do not you flatter for preferment sir
willi. O but good Coze.

scar. O but good vnckle cou'd I command my loue,
Or cancell oaths out of heauens brazen booke,
Ingross by Gods own finger, then you might speake.
Had men that lawe to loue as most haue tongues
To loue a thousand women with, then you might speake.
Were loue like dust lawful for euery Wind,
To beare from place to place, were oaths but puffes,
Men might forswear themselues, but I do know,
Tho sinne being past with vs, the acts forgot,
The poore soule grones, and she forgets it not.

willi. Yet heare your owne case?

scar. O tis to miserable:

That I a Gentleman should be thus torne
From mine owne right, and forst to be forsworne.

will. Yet being as it is, it must be your care,
To salue it with aduice, not with dispaire,
you are his ward, being so, the Law intends,
He is to haue your duty, and in his rule
Is both your marriage, and your heritage,
If you rebell against these Iniunctions,
The penalty takes hold on you, which for himselfe,
He straight thus prosecutes, he waists your land,
Weds you where he thinkes fit, but if your selfe
Haue of some violent humor matcht your selfe,
Without his knowledge, then hath he power
To Merce your purse, and in a sum so great,
That shall for euer keepè your fortunes weake,
Where otherwife if you be rul'd by him

your

The Miseries

Your house is raisd by matching to his kin.

Enter Falconbridge

Lord. Now death of me, shall I be crost by such a Iacke; he wedd himselfe, and where he list: Sirrha Malapart, Ile hamper you, You that will haue your will, come get you in: Ile make thee shape thy thoughts to marry her, Or wish thy birth had bin thy murtherer.

Scar. Fare pittie me; because I am inforst, For I haue heard those marches haue cost bloud, Where loue is once begun and then withstood,

Exeunt.

Enter Ilford and a Page with him.

Ilf. Boy, hast thou deliuered my Letter?

Boy. I Sir, I saw him open the lips on't.

Ilf. He had not a new sute on, had he?

Boy. I am not so well acquainted with his Wardrobe Sir, but I saw a leane fellowe, with sunke eyes, and shamble legges, sigh pittifully at his chamber dore, and intreat his man to put his matter in mind of him.

Ilf. O, that was his Taylor, I see now he wil be blest he profits by my counsell, he will pay no debts before he be arested, nor then neither, if he can finde ere a beast that dare but be bayle for him, but he will seale it th afternoone.

Boy. Yes Sir, he will imprint for you as deepe as he can.

Ilf. Good, good, now haue I a Parsons Nose, and smell tyth comming in then. Now let me number how many rooks I haue halfe vndone already this Tearme by the first returne: foure by Dice, six by being bound with me, and ten by queanes, of which some be Courtiers, some Country Gentlemen, and some Cittizens Sonnes. Thou art a good Franke, if thou pe gest thus, thou art still a Companion for Gallants, maist keepe a Caramite, take Phisick, at the Spring and the fall.

Enter VVentloe.

Went. Franke, newes that will make thee fat Frank.

Ilf. Prethee rather giue mee somewhat will keepe me leane, I ha no mind yet to take Phisicke.

Went. Master Scarberrow is a married man.

Ilf. Then heauen grant he may, as few married men do, make much of his wife.

Wentlo

of inforced Marriage.

Went. Why? wouldst haue him loue her, let her command al, and make her his master?

Ilf. No no, they that do so, make not much of theyr wiues, but giue them their will, and its the marring of em.

Enter Bartley.

Bart. Honest Franke, valerous Francke, a portion of thy witte, but to helpe vs in this enterprise, and we may walk London stret and cry pish at the Sergiants.

Ilf. You may shift out one tearme, and yet die in the Counter, these are the scabs now that hang vpon honest Iob, I am Iob, and these art the scurvy scabbes, but whats this your pet seeths ouer withall?

Bart. Maister Scarborrow is a married man.

Went. He has all his land in his owne hand.

Bart. His brothers and sisters portions. (wife.

Went. Besides foure thousand pound in ready money with his

Ilf. A good talent by my faith, it might helpe many Gentlemen to pay their Tailours, and I might be one of them.

Went. Nay, honest Frank, hast thou found a tricke for him, if thou hast not, looke heeres a line to direct thee. First draw him into bands for money, then to dice for it: Then take vp stuffe at the Mercers, straight to a punke with it: Then morgage his Lande, and be drunke with that: so with them and the rest, from an Ancient Gentleman, make him a young begger.

Ilf. What a Roge is this, to read a lecture to me, and mine owne lesson too, which he knowes I ha made perfect to 9 hundred four-score and nineteene. A cheating Rascall wil teach me that ha made them that haue worne a spacious Parke, Lodge and all of theyr backes this morning: bin fayne to pawne it afore night, and they that ha stauked like a huge Elephant, with a Castle on theyr neckes, and remooued y to their owne shoulders in one day which their fathers built vp in seuen yeare, bin glad by my meanes, in so much time as a childe suckes, to drinke bottle Ale, tho a punk pay fort. And shal this Parat instruct me?

Went. Nay but Franke.

Ilf. A roge that hath fed vpon me, & the fruit of my wit like Pul-len from a Pantlers chipings, and now I put him into good cloths to shift two sutes in a day, that could scare shift a patcht shirt once

The Miseries

in a yeare, and sayes prayers when he had it : hark, how he prates.

Went. Besides Franke, since his marriage, he flawkes me like a cashierd Captaine discontent, in which Melancholy, the leaste drop of mirth, of which thou hast an Ocean, will make him, and all his ours for euer.

Ilf. Sayes mine owne Roge so, giue mee thy hand then, weele doot, and theres earnest. *Strikes him.* Sfut you Chittriface,

that lookes worse then a Collier thorough a wooden window, an Ape afeard of a whip, or a Knaues head, shooke seauen yeares in the weather vpon London-bridge. Do you Catechize me?

Went. Nay but valorous Franke, he that knowes the secrets of al harts, knowes I did it in kindnes.

Ilf. Know your seasons : besides, I am not of that Species for you to instruct. Then know your seasons.

Bart. Sfut friends, friends, al friends : Here comes young Scarborow, should he knew of this, all our dissignes were preuented,

Enter Scarborow.

Ilf. What, melancholy my young maister, my young married man, God giue your worship ioy.

Scar. Ioy, of what Franke?

Ilf. Of thy wealth, for I heare of few that ha ioy of heir wiues

Scar. Who weds as I haue to inforced sheets,
His care increaseth, but his comfort fleets.

Ilf. Thou hauing so much witte, what a Deuill meantst thou to marry?

Scar. O speake not of it,
Marriage sounds in mine eare like a Bell,
Not rung for pleasure, but a dolefull knell.

Ilf. A common course, those men that are married in the Morning, to with themselves buried ere night.

Scar. I cannot loue her.

Ilf. No newes neither, wiues know thats a generall fault amongst their Husbands. *Scar.* I will not ly with her.

Ilf. *Cetera volunt* sheele say still, If you wil not, another wil.

Scar. Why did she marry me, knowing I did not loue her.

Ilf. As other women do, either to bee maintained by you, or to make you a Cuckold. Now sir, what come you for?

Enter Clowne.

Clow

of inforced Marriage.

Clow. As men do in hast, to make an end of their busines.

If. What's your busines?

Clow. My busines is this Sir, this Sir, and this Sir,

If. The meaning of al this Sir. *Cl.* By this is as much as to say Sir, my Mai. has sent vnto you. By this is as much as to say Sir, my maister has him humbly commended vnto you, and by this is as much as to say, my maister craves your answer.

If. Giue me your Letter. And you shal haue this Sir, this Sir, and this Sir.

Clow. No Sir.

Iford. Why Sir?

Clow. Because as the learned haue very well instructed me, *Qui supranos, nihil ad nos*, and tho many Gentlemen will haue to doe with other mens busines, yet from me know, the most part of them prone knaues for their labor.

Went. You ha the Knaue yfaith Franke.

Clow. Long may hee liue to enioy it. From Sir Iohn Harcop of Harcop, in the County of Yorke Knight, by me his man, to your selfe my young maister, by these presents greeting.

If. How camst thou by these good words?

Clow. As you by your good cleaths, tooke them vpon trust, & swore I would neuer pay for em.

Scar. Thy maister Sir Iohn Harcop writes to me,
That I should entertaine thee for my man,
His wish is acceptable, thou art welcome fellow.
Oh but thy maisters Daughter, sends an Article
Which makes me thinke vpon my present sinne,
Here she remembers me to keepe in minde
My promisd faith to her, which I ha broke.
Here she remembers me I am a man,
Blackt ore with periury, whose finfull breast,
Is Charactred like those curst of the blest.

If. How now my young Bully, like a young wench forty weeks after the losse of her Maiden-head, crying out.

Scar. Trouble me not,
Giue me Pen, Inke, and Paper, I will write to her,
O? but what shall I write?
Mine owne excuse, why no excuse can serue
For him that swears, and from his oth doth swarue?

The Miseries

Or shall I say, my marriage was inforrest,
Twas bad in them, not well in me to yeeld,
Wretched thee to whose marriage was compeld,
Ile onely write that which my graue hath bred,
Forgiue me Clare, for I am married:
Tis soone set downe, but not so soone forgot, or worne from hēce.
Deliuier it vnto her, theres for thy paines,
Would I as soone could cleanse these periurd staines.

Clare. Well, I could alter mine eies from filthy mud into fair water: you haue paid for my teares, and mine eyes shal proue bank-
routs, and breake out for you, let no man perswade me, I will cry,
and euery Towne betwixt Shoreditch-church and Yorke bridge,
shall beare me witnesse.

Exit.

Scar. Gentlemen, Ile take my leaue of you,
She that I am married to, but not my wife,
Will London leaue, in Yorkshire lead our life.

If. We must not leaue you so my young Gallant,
We three are sicke in state, and your wealth must helpe to make vs
whole againe.

For this saying, is as true as old:
Strife must twixt man and wife, makes such a flaw,
How great so eres their wealth, twil haue a thaw,

*Enter Sir Iohn Harcop with his Daughter Clare, and two younger
Brothers, Thomas, and Iohn Scarborrow.*

Har. Brothers to him ere long shall be my sonne,
By wedding this young girle: You are welcome both,
Nay kisse her, kisse, tho that she shall
Be your Brothers wife, to kisse the cheeke is free.

Tho. Kisse, Sfor what else? thou art a good plumpe wench, I
like you well, prethee make hast and bring store of boyes, but bee
sure they haue good faces, that they may call me vnck'le.

Io. Glad of so faire a sister, I salute you.

Har. Good, good yfaith, this kissings good yfaith,
I lou'd to smacke it too when I was young,
But Mum: they haue felt thy cheek Clare, let them hear thy tung.

Clar. Such welcome as befits my *Scarborrows* brothers,
From me his troth-plight wife be sure to haue,
And tho my tongue proue scant in any part,
The bounds be sure are large, full in my harte.

Thomas

Of Interest & Marriage.

Tho. Tut, thats not that we doubt on wench, but do you heare Sir John, what doe you thinke drue mee from London, and the Innes of Court, thus farre into Yorkshire?

Har. I gesse to see this girle, shal be your sister.

Tho. Faith, and I gesse partly so too, but the maine was, and I will not lie to you, that your comming nowe in this wise into our kindred, I might be acquainted with you aforehand, that after my brother had married your daughter, I his brother might borrowe some money of you.

Har. What? Do you borrow of your kindred Sir?

Thom. Sfor what else, they hauing interest in my blood, why shoulde not I haue interest in their coyne. Besides Sir, I being a younger brother, would be ashamed of my generation if I would not borrow of any man that would lend, especially of my affinitie, of whom I keepe a Kalender. And looke you Sir, thus I goe ouer them. First ore my Vnckles, often ore mine Aunts, then vp to my Nephewes, straight downe to my Nieces, to this Cosen Thomas, and that Cosen Jeffrey, leauing the courteous claw giuen to none of their elbowes, euen vnto the thirde and fourth remoue of any that hath interest in our blood. Al which do vpon their summons made by me, duely and faithfully prouide for appearance, and so as they are, I hope we shall be, more indeerd, interly, better, and more feelingly acquainted.

Har. you are a merrie Gentleman.

Tho. Tis the hope of monie makes me so, and I know none but fooles vse to be sad with it.

Ioh. From Oxford am I drawne, from serious studies Expecting that my brother still had sojourned With you his best of choyse, and this good Knight.

Har. His absence shall not make our harts lesse merrie

Then if we had his presence. A daie ere long,

Will bring him backe, when one the other meets,

At nooneith Church, at night betweene the sheets.

Weele wash this chat with wine. Some wine: fill vp,

The sharpner of the wit, is a full cup.

And so to you Sir.

Tho. Do, and lle drinke, to my new sister, but vpon this condition, that she may haue quiet daies, little rest a nights, ha pleasant afternoones, bee plyant to my brother, and lend me money when soere lle borrow it.

The Scurvies

Har. Nay, nay, nay,
Women are weake and we must beare with them,
Your frolicke healths, are onely fit for men,

Tho. Well, I am contented, women must to the wal, tho it be to
a feather-bed. Fill vp then.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. From London am I come, tho not with pipe and Drum,
Yet I bring matter, in this poore paper,
Will make my young mistris, delighting in kisses,
Do as all Maidens will, hearing of such an ill,
As to haue lost, the thing they wisht most,
A Husband, a Husband, a pretty sweet Husband,
Cry oh, oh, oh, and alas, And at last ho, ho, ho, as I do.

Clar. Returnd so soone from London? Whats the newes?

Clow. O mistris, if euer you haue seene *Demonice* cleare look in-
to mine eyes, mine eyes are *Seuerne*, plaine *Seuerne*, the Thames,
nor the Ryuer of *Tweed* are nothing to em: Nay all the rayne that
fell at *Noahs* floud, had not the discretion that my eyes haue: that
drunke but vp the whole world, and I ha drownd all the way be-
twixt this and London.

Cla. Thy newes good Robbin.

Clow. My newes mistres, Ile tell you strange newes, the dust vp-
on London way, being so great, that not a Lorde, Gentleman,
Knight, or Knaue could traueil, least his eies should bee blowne
out: At last, they all agreed to hyre me to go before them, when I
looking but vpon this Letter, did with this water, this very water,
lay the dust, as well as if it had rained from the beginning of Aprill
to the last of May.

Clar. A Letter from my Scarborrow, giue it thy mistris.

Clow. But Mistris.

Cla. Prethee be gon,
I would not haue my father nor this Gentlemen,
Be witnes of the comfort it doth bring.

Clo. Oh but mistris. *Cla.* Prethee begone,
With this, and the glad newes, leaue me alone.

Exit Clo.

Tho. Tis your turne Knight, take your licquor, know I am boun-
tifull, Ile forgieue any man any thing that hee owes mee, but his
drinke, and that Ile be paid for.

Cla.

of incest Marriage.

Cl. May Gentlemen the honesty of myrth
Consists not in Carowing with excesse,
My father hath more welcomes then in wine :
Pray you no more.

Tho. Sayes my sifter so, Ile be rul'd by thee then. Do you heare, in
hope hereafter youle lend me some mony, now we are halfe drunk
lets go to dinner. Come Knight. *Exeunt.* *Manet Cla.*

Clar. I am gl'ad your gone,
Shall I now opent : no, Ile kisse it first,
Because his outside last did kisse his hand.
Within this fould, Ile calt a sacred sheet,
Are writ blacke lines, when our white harts shall meet,
Before I ope this dore of my delight,
Methinkes I gelse how kindly he doth write,
Of his true Loue to me, as Chuck, Sweet-hart,
I prethee do not thinke the time too long,
That keepes vs from the sweets of marriage rites,
And then he sets my name and kisses it,
Wishing my lips his sheet to write vpon,
With like desire methinkes as mine owne thoughts,
Aske him now heere for me to looke vpon,
Yet at the last thinking his loue too slacke,
Ere it arriue at my desired eyes,
He hastens vp his message with like speed,
Even as I breake this ope, wishing to read :
Oh : whats hear? Mine eyes are not mine owne? sure th'are not,
Tho you ha bin my lamps this fixterne years, *Let's fall the Let.*
You do belie my Scarborrow reading so ;
Forgiue him, he is married, that were Ill :
What lying lights are these. Look, I ha no such Letter,
No wedded sillable of the least wrong
Done to a Troth-plight-Virgin like my selfe.
Bestrow you for your blindnes : Forgiue him, he is married.
I know my Scarborrowes constancie to me,
Is as firme knit, as faith to Charity,
That I shall kisse him often, bug him thus,
Be made a happy and a fruitfull Mother
Of many prosperous children like to him,

And

The Miseries

And read I, he was married ? Aske forgiveness?
What a blind Foole was I ? yet heeres a Letter
To whom directed too ? To my beloued Clare.
Why Law?

Women will read, and read not that they saw,
T was but my feruent loue misled mine eyes,
He once againe to the Inside, *Forgiue me, I am married:*
William Scarborrow. He has set his name too't to,
O periury ? within the hart of men
Thy feasts are kept, their tongues proclaimeth them.

Enter Thomas Scarborrow.

Tho. Sister, Gods precious, the cloths laide, the meate cooles,
We all stay, and your father calls for you.

Clar. Kind Sir, excuse me I pray you a little,
He but peruse this Letter and come straight.

Tho. Pray you make hast, the meat staies for vs, and our stomacks
Ready for the meat, for beleeue this,
Drinke makes men hungry, or it makes them lie,
And he thats drunke ore night, ith mornings dry,
Seene and approued.

Exit.

Clar. He was contracted mine, yet he vniust
Hath married to another : whats my estate then?
A wretched maid, not fit for any man,
For being vnited his with plighted faiths,
Who euer sues to me commits a sinne,
Besiedgeth me, and who shal marry me :
Is like my selfe, liues in Adultery, (O God)
That such hard Fortune, should betide my youth.
I am Young, Fayre, Rich, Honest, Virtuuous,
yet for all this, who ere shall marry mee
I am but his whore, liue in Adultery.
I cannot step into the path of pleasure
For which I was created, borne vnto,
Let me liue nere so honest, rich or poore,
If I once wed, yet I must liue a whore.
I must be made a strumpet gainst my will,
A name I haue abhord, a shamefull Ill
I haue eschewed, and now cannot withstand it
In my selfe. I am my fathers onely child,

of inforced Marriages.

In me he hath a hope, tho not his name
Can be increast, yet by my Issue
His land shall be possest, his age delighted.
And tho that I should vow a single life
To keepe my soule vnspotted, yet will he
Inforce me to a marriage :
So that my grieve doth of that waight consist,
It helpes me not to yeeld, nor to resist :
And was I then created for a Whore? A whore,
Bad name, bad act, Bad man makes me a scorn :
Then liue a Strumpet? Better be vnborne. *Enter John Scarborow*
Sister, Pray you will you come,
Your father and the whole meeting staves for you.

Clar. I come, I come, I pray returne : I come.

John I must not goe without you.

Clare, Bethou my Vsher, sooth Ile follow you *Exit.*
He writes here to forgiue him, he is marryed:
False Gentleman : I do forgiue thee with my hart,
Yet will I send an answer to thy letter,
And in so short words thou shalt weep to read them,
And hears my agent ready : *Forgiue me, I am dead.*
Tis writ, and I will act it : Be iudge you Mayds
Haue trusted the false promises of men.
Be iudge you wiues, the which haue been inforst
From the white sheets you lou'd, to them ye loathed :
Whether this *Axiome* may not be assured,

Better one sinne, then many be endured.

My armes imbracings, Kisses, Chastity,
Were his possessions : and whilst I liue
He doth but steale those pleasures he enioyes,
Is an Adulterer in his married armes,
And neuer goes to his defiled bed,
But God writes sin vpon the Teasters hed.
Ile be a Wife now, helpe to saue his soule
Tho I haue lost his body, giue a slake
To his iniquities, and with one sinne
Done by this hand, ende many done by him.
Farwell the world, then farewell the wedded ioyes

The Miseries

Till this I haue hop't for, from that Gentleman,
Scarborrow, forgive me: thus thou hast lost thy wife,
Yer record would, though by an act too foule,
A wife thus did to cleanse her husbands soule.

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop.

Har. Gods precious, for his mercy, wheres this wench?
Must all my friends and guests attend on you?
Where are you Minion?

Clar. Scarborrow come close mine eyes, for I am dead.

Har. That sad voyce was not hers I hope:
Whose this, my daughter?

Clar. Your daughter,
That begs of you to see her buried,
Prayes Scarborrow to forgieue her: she is dead.

Dyes.

Har. Patience good teares, and let my words haue way
Clare, my daughter, helpe my seruants there:
Lift vp thine eyes, and looke vpon thy father,
They were not borne to loose their light so soone,
I did beget thee for my comforter,
And not to be the Author of my care.
Why speakest thou not? Some helpe my Seruants there:
What hand hath made thee pale? Or if thine owne,
What cause hadst thou that wert thy fathers Ioy,
The Treasure of his age, the Cradle of his sleepe,
His all in all? I prethee speake to me?
Thou art not ripe for death, come backe againe,
Clare, my Clare, If death must needs haue one,
I am the fittest, prethee let me go,
Thou dying whilst I liue, I am dead with woe.

Enter Thomas, and Iohn Scarborrow.

Tho. What meanes this outcry?

Io. O ruthfull spectacle.

Har. Thou wert not wont to be so sullen childe,
But kind and loning to thy aged father:
Awake, awake, Ife be thy lasting sleepe,
Would I had not sence for grieffe, nor eies to weepe.

Io. What Papers this, the sad contents doth tell me,
My Brother writ, he hath broke his faith to her,
And she replies, for him she hath kild her selfe.

Har.

of inforced Mariages.

Har. Was that the cause that thou hast soyld thy selfe,
With these red spots, these blemishers of beauty?
My child, my childe, wast periury in him,
Made thee so fayre, act now so foule a finne,
That he deceiued thee in a Mothers hopes,
Posterity, the blisse of marriage?
Thou hast no tung to answere no, or I,
But in red Letters writes: For him I die.
Curse on his Traiterous tung, his youth, his blood,
His pleasures, Children, and possessions,
Be all his dayes like winter, comfortlesse:
Restles his nights, his wants Remorcelesse,
And may his Corps be the Phisitions stage,
Which plaid vpon, stands not to honored Age,
Or with diseales may he lie and pine,
Till greefe waits blood, his eies, as greefe doth mine.

Exit

Ioh. O good old man, made wretched by this deed,
The more thy age, were to be pittied.

*Enter Scarborrow, his wife Katherine, Ilford, Wentlo,
Barley and Butler.*

Ilf. What ride by the gate, & not call, that were a shame yfaith.

Went. Weele but taste of his Beere, kisse his Daughter, and to
horse againe, wheres the good Knight heere?

Scar. You bring me to my shame vnwillingly.

Ilf. Shamed of what, for deceiuing of a wench, I ha not blusht,
that ha dnut to a hundred of em.

In womens loue hees wise, doth follow this.

Loue one so long till her another kisse.

Wheres the good Knight heere?

Io. O Brother, you are come to make your eie
Sad mourner at a fmall Tragedy.

Peruse this Letter first, and then this Corps.

Scar. O wronged Clare? Accursed Scarborrow?

I writ to her, that I was married,

She writes to me, forgine her she is dead:

Ile balme thy body with my faithfull teares,

And be perpetuall mourner at thy Tombe,

Ile sacrifice this Commit into sighes,

The Miseries

Make a consumption of this pile of man,
And all the benefits my parents gaue,
Shall turne distemper'd to appease the wrath
For this blood shed, and I am guilty of.

Kat. Deere husband.

Scar. False woman, not my wife, tho married to me,
Looke what thy friends, and thou art guilty of,
The murder of a creature, equall heaven
In her Creation, whose thoughts like fire,
Neuer lookt base, but euer did aspire
To blessed benefits, till you and yours vndid her,
Eye her, view, tho dead, yet she dus looke,
Like a fresh frame, or a new printed booke
Of the best paper, neuer lookt into,
But with one sullied finger, which did spot her,
Which was her owne too, but who was cause of it,
Thou and thy friends, and I will loath thee fort.

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop.

Har. They do bely her that do say shees dead,
She is but straid to some by-gallery,
And I must ha her againe. Clare, where art thou Clare?

Scar. Here, laid to take her euerslasting sleepe.

Har. A lyes that sayes so,
Yet now I know thee, I do lie that say it,
For if she be a villen like thy selfe,
A periurd Traitor, recreant, miscreant,
Dog, a dog, a dog, has dunt.

Scar. O Sir Iohn Harcop.

Hra. O Sir Iohn villen, to be troth thy selfe
To this good creature, harmelesse, harmeles child,
This kernell hope, and comfort of my house,
Without Inforcement, of thine own accord,
Draw all her soule ith compasse of an oth,
Take that oth from her, make her for none but thee,
And then betray her?

Scar. Shame on them were the cause of it.

Har. But harke what thou hast got by it,
Thy wife is but a strumpet, thy children Bastards,

Thy

of inforst Mariages.

Thy selfe a murderer, thy wife, accessary,
Thy bed a stewes, thy house a Brothell.

Scar. O, tis too true.

Har. I, made a wretched father childles.

Scar. I, made a married man, yet wiueles.

Har. Thou the cause of it.

Scar. Thou the cause of it.

Har. Curse on the day that ere it was begun,
For I an old man am, vndone, vndone.

Exit

Scar. For Charity haue care vpon your father,
Least that his greefe, bring on a more mishap,
This to my armes, my sorrow shall bequeath,
Tho I haue lost her, to thy graue Ile bring,
Thou wert my wife, and Ile thy *Requiem* sing:
Go you to the Country, Ile to London backe,
All ryot now, since that my soules so blacke.

Exit with Clare.

Ka. Thus am I left like Sea-toft-Marriners,
My Fortunes being no more then my distresse,
Vpon what shore soeuer I am driuen,
Be it good or bad, I must account it heauen,
Tho married, I am reputed not a wife,
Neglected of my Husband, scornd, despis'd,
And tho my loue and true obedience
Lies prostrate to his becke, his heedles eye,
Receiues my seruices vnworthily.
I know no cause, nor will be cause of none,
But hope for better dayes when bad be gone,
You are my guide, whether must I, Butler?

But. Toward Wakefield, where my masters liuing lyes.

Ka. Toward Wakefield where thy maister weeke attend,
When things are at the worst, tis hope they le mend.

Enter Thomas, and Iohn Scarborrow.

Tho. How now sister, no further forward on your iourney yet?

Ka. When greefes before one, who'd go on to grieffe,
Ide rather turne me backe to find some comfort.

Iohn And that way sorrowes hurtfuller then this,
My Brother hauing brought vnto a graue,
That murdered body whom he cald his wife,

And

The Miseries

And spent so many teares vpon her Hearse,
As would haue made a Tyrant to relent,
Then kneeling at her Coffin, thus he vowd,
From thence he neuer would embrace your bed.

Tho. The more Foole he.

John. Neuer from hence acknowledge you his wife,
When others striue to enrich their fathers name,
It should be his only ayme, to begger his,
To spend their meanes, and in his onely pride,
Which with a sigh confirmd, hees rid to London,
Vowing a course, that by his life so foule
Men nere should ioyn the hands, without the soule.

Kath. All is but griefe, and I am armd for it.

John. Weel bring you on your way in hope thats strong
Time may at length make strait. what yet is wrong. *Exit.*

Enter Ilford, Wentlos, Bartley.

Went. Hees our owne, hees our own, Come, lets make vse of
his wealth, as the snow of Ice : Melt it, melt it.

Ilf. But art sure he will hold his meeting.

Wen. As sure as I am now, & was dead drunke last night.

Ilf. Why then so sure will I be arrested by a couple of Ser-
geants, and fall into one of the vnlucky Crankes about Cheap-
side, cald Counters.

Bar. Withall, I haue prouided M. Grype the Vsurer, whoe
vpon the instant will be ready to step in, charge the Seargeants
to keepe thee fast, and that now hee will haue his fiae hundered
pounds, or thou shalt rot for it.

Went: When it followes, young *Scarborow* shall be bounde
for the one : then take vp as much more, we share the one half, &
help him to be drunke with the other.

Ilf. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Scarborow.

Bar. Why, dost laugh Franke?

Ilf. To see that wee and Vsurers line by the fal of yong heirs
as swine by the dropping of Acorns. But hees come. Where be
these Rogues? shall we ha no tendance here?

Scarb. Good day Gentlemen.

Ilf. A thousand good dayes, my noble Bully, and as manye
good fortunes as there wer Grasshoppers in Egypt, and thats co-
uered

of inforst Mariages.

nered ouer with good lucke : but Nouns, Pronounes, and Participles. Where be these Rogues here : what, shall we haue no Wine here?

Enter Drawer.

Drawer Anon, anon, sir.

If. Anon, Goodman Rascall, must wee stay your leysure? gee't vs by and by, with apoxe to you.

Scar. O, do not hurt the fellow?

Exit Drawer

If. Hurt him, hang him, Scrape-trencher, star-waren, Wine spiller, mettles-clancer, Rogue by generation. Why, dost heare *Will*? If thou dost not vse these Grape-spillers as you doe their pottle-pots, quoit em down stayres three or foure times at a supper, theyle grow as sawcy with you as Sergeants, and make bills more vnconscionable then Taylors.

Enter Drawer

Draw. Heres the pure and neat grape Gent. I hate for you.

Iford. Fill vp : what ha you brought here, Goodman roge?

Drawer The pure element of Claret sir.

If. Ha you so, and did not I call for Rhenish *Throws the*
you Mungrell? *wine in the Drawers face.*

Scar. Thou needst no wine, I prethee be more mild?

If. Be mild in a Tauerne, tis treason to the red Lettyce, enemy to their signe post, and slaue to humor :

Prethee, lets be mad,

Then fill our heads with wine, till euery pate be drunke,

Then pisse in the street, Iussell all you meet, and with a Punke,

As thou wilt do now and then : Thanke me thy good

Mayster, that brought thee to it.

(yet

Went. Nay, he profits well, but the worst is he will not swear

Scar. Do not belie me : If there be any good in me thats the best : Oathes are necessary for nothing, They passe out of a mas mouth, like smoake through a chimney, that files all the waye it goes.

Went. Why then I think *Tobacco* be a kind of swearing, for it furs our nose pockily.

Scar. But come, lets drinke our selues into a stomach as for supper. *If.* Agreed. Ile begin with a new health. Fill vp.

To them that runke Land fly,

By wine, whores, and a Die.

To them, that only thrives,

By kissing others Wines.

To

The Miseries

To them that pay for cloathes,
With nothing but with Oathes:
Care not from whom they get,
So they may be in debt:
This health my harts
But who their Taylors pay,
Borrow, and keepe their day,
Weel hold him like this Glasse,
A brainlesse emptyASSE,
And not a mate for vs.
Drinke round my harts.

drinkes.

Wen. An excellent health.

Enter Drawer. Mayster Ilford, theres a couple of strangers be-
neath desires to speake with you.

Ilf. What beards ha they? Gentleman-like-beards, or bro-
ker-like-beards?

Drawer I am not so well acquainted with the Art of Face-
mending sir: but they would speake with you.

Ilf. Ile goe downe to em.

Went. Doe: and weele stay here and drinke Tobacco.

Scarb. Thus like a Feuer that doth shake a man
From strength to weaknesse, I consume my selfe:
I know this company, theyr custome vilde,
Hated, abhord of good-men, yet like a childe
By reasons rule instructed how to know
Euill from good, I to the worser go.
Why doe you suffer this, you vpper powers,
That I should surfet in the sinne I tast,
haue sence to feele my mischiefe, yet make wast
Of heauen and earth:
My selfe will answer, what my selfe doth aske?
Who once doth cherish sinne, begets his shame,
For vice being fosterd once, coms Impudence,
Which makes men count sinne, Custom, not offence,
When all like mee, their reputation blot,
Pursuing euill, while the good's forgot.

Enter Ilford led in by a couple of Sergeants, and Gripe the Vsurer.

Ser. Nay, neuer strue, we can hold you.

Ilf.

of inforced Marriage.

Ilf. I, me, and any man else, and a fall into your Clutches : Let go your tugging, as I am a Gentleman, Ile be your true prisoner.

Wen. How now : whats the matter Franke?

Ilf. I am fallen into the hands of Sergiants, I am arrested.

Bart. How, arrest a Gentleman in our company?

Ilf. Put vp, put vp, for sins sake put vp, lets not a l suppe in the Counter to night, let me speak with maister *Gripe* the Creditor.

Grip. Well : what say you to me Sir?

Ilf. You haue arrested me heere maister *Gripe*.

Gri. Not I Sir, the Sergiants haue.

Ilf. But at your sute maister *Gripe*: yet hear me, as I am a Gent.

Gri. I rather you could say as you were an honest man, and then I might belecue you.

Ilf. Yet heare me.

Gri. Heare me no hearings, I lent you my mony for good will.

Ilf. And I spent it for meere necessity, I confesse I owe you five hundred pound, and I confesse I owe not a peny to any man, but he wold be glad to hate : my bond you haue already maister *Gripe* If you will, now take my word.

Grip. Word me no wordes : Officers looke to your prisoner : If you cannot either make me present paiment, or put me in security such as I shall like too.

Ilf. Such as you shall like too : what say you to this young Gent. He is the widgen that wee must feed vpon.

Grip. Who young maister *Scarborrow*, he is an honest Gentleman for ought I know, I nere lost peny by him.

Ilf. I would be ashamd any man should say so by me, that I haue had dealings withall : But my inforced friends, wilt please you but to retire into some smal distance, whilst I discend with a few words to these Gentlemen, and Ile commit my selfe into your hands immediately.

Ser. Well sir weele wait vpon you.

Ilf. Gentlemen I am to proferre some conference, and in especially to you maister *Scarborrow*, our meeting here for your mirth hath proued to me thus aduerse, that in your companies I am Arrested : How ill it will stand with the flourish of your reputations when men of ranke and note communicate, that I Franke Ilforde, Gentlem. whose Fortunes may transcend, to make ample Gratui-

The Miseries

ties future, and heape satisfaction for any present extention of his friends kindnes, was Inforced from the Miter in Bred street, to the Counter i'th Pou'trey : for mine owne part, if you shall thinke it meet, and that it shall acord with the state of gentry, to submit my selfe from the featherbed in the Maisters side, or the Flock-bed in the Knights warde, to the straw-bed in the hole, I shall buckle to my heeles insted of guilt spurs, the armour of patience, and doote.

Went. Come, come, what a pox need all this; this is *Mellis Flora*, the sweetest of the hony, he that was not made to fat Cattel, but to feed Gentlemen.

Bart. You weare good cloaths.

Wen. Are well descended.

Bart. Keepe the best company.

Went. Should regard your credit.

Bar. Stand not vpon't, be bound, be bound.

Wen. Ye are richly married.

Bar. Loue not your wife,

Wen. Haue store of friends.

Bar. Who shall be your heyre.

Wen. The sonne of some slaue.

Bar. Some groome.

Wen. Some Horse-keeper.

Bart. Stand not vpont, be bound, be bound.

Scar. Well at your Importance, for once Ile stretch my purse
Whose boine to sinke, as good this way as worse.

went. Now speakes my Bully like a Gent'eman of worth.

Bart. Of merit.

went. Fit to be regarded.

Bar. That shall command our soules.

went. Our swords.

Bart. Our selues.

Ilf. To feed vpon you as *Pharoes* leane kine did vpon the fat.

Scar. Maister Gripe is my bond currant for this Gentleman.

Ilf. Good security you *Aegyptian* Grashopper, good security?

Gri. And for as much more kinde Maister *Scarborrow*.

Provided that men mortal as we are,
May haue.

Scar. May haue security.

Gripe

Of Interest Marriage.

Gri. Your bond with land conuaid, which may assure me of mine owne againe. *Scar.* You shal be satisfied, and he become your debter, for full five hundred more then he doth owe you.

This night we sup heere, beare vs company,
And bring your Counsell, Scriuener, and the mony with you,
Where I wil make as full assurance as in the Law you'd wish.

Gri. I take your word Sir,
And so discharge you of your prisoner.

If. Why then lets come and take vp a new roome, the infected hath spit in this.

He that hath store of Coyne, wants not a friend,
Thou shalt receiue sweet rogue, and we will spend.

Exeunt.

Enter Thomas and Iohn Scarborough,

Ioh. Brother, you see the extreimity of want
Inforceth vs to question for our owne,
The rather that we see, not like a Brother
Our Brother-keepe from vs to spend on other.

Tho. True, he has in his hands our portions, the patrimony which our Father gaue vs, with which he lies fatting himselfe with Sacke and sugar in the house, and we are faine to walke with lean purses abroad. Credit must be maintained which wil not be without mony, Good cloaths must be had, which will not be without money, company must be kept which wil not be without money, al which we must haue, and from him we will haue money.

Io. Besides, we haue brought our sister to this Towne,
That she her selfe hauing her owne from him,
Might bring her selfe in Court to be preferd,
Vnder some Noble personage, or els that he
Whose friends are great in Court, by his late match,
As he is in nature bound, prouide for her.

Tho. And he shall do it brother, tho we haue waited at his lodging, longer then a Taylours bil on a young Knight for an old reckoning, without speaking with him, Heere we know he is, and we wil call him to parle.

Io. Yet let vs doot in mild and gentle tearmes,
Fairst words perhaps may sooner draw our owne,
Then ruffier courses by which his mischief grow.

En. Draw

Dr. Anon, anon, looke downe into the Dolphine there.

Tho. Here comes a drawer we wil question him.

E2 Do

The Miseries

Tho. Doe you heare my friend, is not maister Scarborrow here?

Draw. Here sir, what a iest is that, where should hee bee else, I would haue you well know my maister hopes to grow rich before he leaues him.

Io. How long hath he continued heere since he came hether.

Draw. Faith Sir not so long as Noahs floude, yet long enough to haue drowned vp the liuings of three Knights, as Knights goes now adaies, some moneth or there abouts.

John. Time ill consumed to ruinate our house,
But what are they that keepe him company?

Draw. Pitch, Pitch, but I must not say so, but for your further satisfaction, did you euer see a young whelpe and a Lyon plaie together.

John. Yes.

Draw. Such is maister Scarborrows company.

Within Oliver.

Draw. Anon, anon, looke downe to the Pomgranate there.

Tho. I prethee say heeres them would speake with him.

Draw. Ile do your message: Anon, anon there.

Exit

John This foole speakes wiser then he is aware,
young heires left in this towne where sins so ranke,
And prodigals gape to grow fat by them,
Are like young whelps throwne in the Lyons den,
Who play with them awhile, at length deuoure them.

Enter Scarborrow.

Scar. Whose there would speake with me?

John. Your Brothers, who are glad to see you well.

Scar. Well.

John. Tis not your ryot, that we heare you vse,
(With such as wast their goods, as Time the world
With a continuall spending, nor that you keepe
The companie of a most Leprous route,
Consumes your bodies wealth, infects your name
With such Plague-sores, that had you reasons eie,
Twould make you sicke, to see you visit them)
Hath drawne vs, but our wants to craue the dew
Our father gaue, and yet remains with you.

Tho. Our Byrth-right good brother, this Towne craues main-
tai-

of incest Marriage.

teinance, silke stockings must be had, and we would be loath our heritage should be arraigned at the Vintners bar, and so condemned to the Vintners box, though while you did keepe house, wee had some Belly-timber at your Table, or so, yet wee would haue you think, we are your Brothers, yet no Esaus to sell our patrimony for Perridge.

Scar. So, so, what hath your comming else?

Io. With vs our sister ioynes in our request,
Whom we haue brought along with vs to London,
To haue her portion, wherewith to prouide,
An honord seruice, or an honest bride.

Scar. So, then you two my Brothers, and she my sister, come not as in duty you are bound, to an elder brother, out of Yorkshire to see vs, but like leaches to sucke from vs.

Io. We come compeld by want to craue our owne.

Scar. Sir, for your owne, then thus be satisfied,
Both hers and yours were left in trust with me,
And I will keepe it for ye: Must you appoint vs,
Or what we please to like mixt with reproofe,
You haue bin to sawcy both, and you shall know,
Ile curbe you for it, aske why? Ile haue it so?

Io. We do but craue our owne.

Scar. Your owne sir: whats your owne?

Tho. Our portions giuen vs by our fathers will,

Io. Which here you spend.

Tho. Consume?

Io. Wayes worse then ill.

Scar. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Ilford.

Ilf. Nay, nay, nay, *Wil*: prethy come away, we haue a full gallon of Sacke staies in the fire for thee, thou must pledge it to the health of a friend of thine.

Scar. What dost thinke these are Franke?

Ilf. They are Fidlers I thinke, if they be, I preethe sende them into the next roome, and let them scrape there, and weell send to them presently.

Scar. They are my brothers Franke, come out of Yorkshire, To the Tauerne here, to aske their portions:

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they call my pleasures, ryots, my company Leproes, & like a school boy, they would tutor me?

Ilf. O, thou shouldst haue done wel to haue bound them prentises when they were young, they would haue made a couple of sawcy Taylers.

Tho. Taylers?

Ilf. I Birdlime: Taylers: Taylours are good men, and in the Terme time they weare good Cloathes. Come, you must learne more manners, stand at your Brothers backe, as to shift a Treacher neatly, and take a Cuppe of Sacke, and a Capons legge contentedly.

Tho. You are a slave
That feeds vpon my brother like a flie,
Poisoning where thou dost sucke.

Scar. You be.

Io. O, to my grieve I speake it; you shall find,
Theres no more difference in a Tauern-haunter
Then is betweene a Spittle and a Begger.

Tho. Thou workst on him like Tempests on a ship.

Io. And he the worthy Trafficke that doth sinke.

Tho. Thou makst his name more loathsome then a graue.

Io. Liuest like a Dog, by vomit,

Tho. Die a slave?

*Heere they draw. Wentlo, and Bartsley come in, and the two Vintners
boyes, with Clubbes. All set vpon the two Brothers. Butler,
Scarborrows man comes in, stands by, sees them fight
takes part with neyther.*

But. Do, fight: I loue you all well, because you were my olde masters sonnes, but Ile neither part you, nor be pattaker with you. I come to bring my ma^r. newes, he hath two sons borne at a birth in Yorkshire, and I find him together by the ears with his brothers in a Tauerne in London. Brother and brother at ods, tis naught: sure, it was not thus in the days of charity. Whats this world lyke to? Faith iust like an Inne-keepers Chamber-pot, receiues all waters, good and bad, It had need of much scouring. My old mast. kept a good house, and twenty or thirty tall sworde and Buckler men about him, and yfayth his sonne differs not much, he wil haue mettle to, tho he hath not store of Cutlers blades, he will haue plentie of Vintners pots. His father kept a good house for honest men,
his

of inforrest Mariage.

his Tenants, that brought him in part, and his son keeps a badde house with Knaues that helpe to consume al. Tis but the change of time : why shoulde any man repyne at it : Crickets, good liuing, and lucky wormes, were wont to feede, sing, and reioyce in the fathers chimney, and nowe Carrion Crowes builds in the sons Kitchen, I could be sorry for it, but I am too old to weepe. Well then, I will go tel him newes of his of-springs. *Exit*

Enter the two brothers, Thomas and Iohn Scarborow burt, and sister.

Sist. A as good Brothers, how came this mischance?

Tho. Our portions, our brother hath giuen vs our portions sister, hath he not?

Sist. He would not be so monstrous I am sure.

Io. Excuse him not, he is more degenerate,
Then greedy Vipers that deuoure their mother,
They eat on her but to preserue themselves,
And he consumes himselfe, and Beggars vs.
A Tauerne is his Ioue, where amongst Slaves,
He kills his substance, making pots the graues
To bury that which our forefathers gaue.

I askt him for our portions, told him that you
Were brought to London, and we were in want,
Humbly we craud our owne, when his Reply
Was, he knew none we had, beg, starue, or die.

Sist. Alas what course is left for vs to liue by then?

Tho. In troth sister, we two to beg in the fields,
And you to betake your selfe to the old trade,
Filling of smal Cans in the suburbs.

Sist. Shall I be left then like a common road,
That euery beast that can but pay his tole
May trauel ouer, and like to Cammomil,
Flourish the better being trodden on. *Enter Butler bleeding.*

But. Well I will not curse him : he feedes now vppon Sacke
& Anchoues with a pox to him : but if he be not faine before he
dies to eate Acornes, let me liue with nothing but pollerd, and
my mouth be made a Cookingstool for euery scolde to set her
tayle on.

Tho. How now Butler, whats the meaning of this?

But. Your brother meanes to lame as many as he can, that
when he is

The Miseries

is a begger himselfe, many liue with him in the Hospital. His wife sent me out of Yorkshire, to tell him, that God had blest him with two sonnes, he bids a plague of them, a vengeance of her, crosses mee ore the pate, and sendes mee to the Surgeons to seeke salue: I lookt at least he should haue giuen me a brace of Angels for my paines.

Tho. Thou hast not lost all thy longing, I am sure he hath giuen thee a crackt crowne.

But. A plague on his fingers, I cannot tel, he is your Brother & my maister, I would be loath to Prophesie of him, but who soere doth curse his Children being Infants, ban his wife lying in child-bed, and beats his man brings him newes of it, they may bee borne rich, but they shall liue Slaues, be Knaues, and die Beggars.

Sist. Did he do so.

But. Gesse you, he bid a plague of them, a vengeance on her, & sent me to the Surgeons.

Sist. Why then I see there is no hope of him. Some husbandes are respectles of their wiues,

During the time that they are yssuesse,
But none with Infants blest, can nourish hate,
But loue the mother for the childrens sake.

Io. But hee that is giuen ouer vnto sin,
Leprosed therewith without, and so within,
O Butler, we were yssue to one father?

But. And he was an honest Gentleman.

Io. Whose hopes were better then the sunne he left,
Should set so soon, vnto his houses shame.
He liues in Tauerne, spending of his wealth,
And heere his Brothers and distressed Sister,
Not hauing any meanes to helpe vs with.

Tho. Not a Scots Baubee (by this hand) to blesse vs with.

Io. And not content to ryot out his owne,
But he detaines our portions: suffers vs
In this strange Ayre, open to euery wracke,
Whilst he in ryot swims to be in lacke.

But. The mores the pittie.

Sist. I know not what course to take me to,
Honesty fame would liue: What shall I do?

Butler

of inforced Mariages.

But. Sooth Ile tell you, your brother hath hurt vs,
We three will hurt you, and then go all to a spittle together.

Sist. Iest not at her, whose burden is too greuous,
But rather lend a meanes how to releue vs.

But. Well I doe pittie you, and the rather because you saie, you
woulde faine liue honest and want meanes for it, for I can tell you
tis as strange heere to see a maid faire, poore, and honest, as to see
a Collier with a cleane face. Maids heere do liue (especially with-
out maintenance)

Like Mice going to a trap,

They nibble long, at last they get a clap.

Your father was my good Benefactor, and gaue me a house whilst
I liue to put my head in : for I would be loth then to see his onely
daughter, for want of meanes, turne punk, I haue a drift to keepe
you honest. Haue you a care to keepe your selfe so, yet you shall
not know of it, for womens tounses are like siues, they will holde
nothing, they haue power to vent. You two wil further me.

John. In any thing good honest Butler.

Tho. If it be to take a purse Ile be one.

But. Perhaps thou speakest righter then thou art aware of : wel,
as chance is, I haue receiued my wages : there is forty shillings for
you, Ile set you in a lodging, and till you heare from vs, let that
prouide for you, wee le first to the surgeons.

To keepe you honest, and to keepe you braue,

For once an honest man, will turne a Knaue.

Exeunt.

*Enter Scarborrow hauing a Boy carrying a Torch with him, Ilford
Wentlo, and Barley.*

Scar. Boy, bear the Torch faire : Now am I armd to fight with
a Wind-mill, and to take the wall of an Emperor : Much drinke,
no money : A heany head, and a light paire of heeles.

Went. O, stand man ?

Scar. I weare an excellent creature to make a Punk of, I should
downe with the least touch of a knaues finger, thou hast made a
good night of this : What hast won Franke ?

If. A matter of nothing, some hundred pounds.

Scar. This is the hel of al gamsters, I thinke when they are at
play, the boord eares vp the money : For if there be five hundred
pound lost, theres neuer but a hundred pounds wonne. Boy, take the

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the wall of any man, and yet by light, such deedes of darknes may
not be.

Put out the Torch.

Went. What dost meane by that *Will*?

Scar. To saue charge, and walke like a Fury with a fire-brande
in my hand, euery one goes by the light, & weel go by the smoke.

Enter Lord Faulconbridge.

Scar. Boy, keepe the Wall: I will not budge for any man, by
these Thumbs, and the paring of the Nayles shal stick in thy teeth
not for a world.

Lord. Whose this, young Scarborrow?

Scar. The man that the Mare rid on.

Lord. Is this the reuerence that you owe to me?

Scar. You should haue brought me vp better.

Lord. That vice should thus transforme man to a beast.

Scar. Go to, your names Lorde, Ile talke with you when your
out a debt and ha better cloaths.

Lord. I pittie thee euen with my very soule.

Scar. Pittie ith thy throat, I can drinke Muscadine and Egges,
and Muld-sack, do you heare: you put a peece of turnd stufte vp-
on me, but I wil-

Lord. What wil you do Sir?

Scar. Pisse in thy way, and thats no slander.

Lord. Your sober blood wil teach you otherwise.

Enter Sir William Scarborrow.

S. Will. My honoured Lord, your happily wel met,

Lord. Ill met to see your Nephew in this case,
More like a brute Beast, then a Gentleman.

S. wil. Fi: Nephew, shame you not thus to transform your self?

Scar. Can your nose smell a Torch.

Ilf. Be not so wilde, it is thine Vnckle Scarborrow.

Scar. Why then tis the more likely tis my Fathers brother.

for wil. Shame to our name, to make thy selfe a Beast,
Thy body worthy borne, and thy youths brest
Tyld in due time for better discipline.

Lo. Thy selfe new married to a Noble house,
Rich in possessions, and Posterity,
Which should cal home thy vnsaid affections.

S. will. Where thou makst havock.

Lo. Ryot, spoyle, and wast,

will.

of inforcest Mariages.

Syr will. Of what thy father left.

Lor. And liuest disgracst.

Scar. Ile send you shorter to heauen, then you came to the earth, do you Catechize? Do you Catechize?

He drawes and strikes at them.

Ilf. Hold, hold, do you draw vpon your vnckle?

Scar. Pox of that Lord,
Weele meet at Miter, where weele sup downe sorrow,
We are drunke to night, and so weele be to morrow.

Exeunt

Lo. Why now I see: what I hard of, I belecu'd not,
Your kinsman liues.

S.wil. Like to a swine.

Lo. A perfect *Epythite* hee feeds on draffe,
And wallowes in the mire, to make men laugh,
I pittie him.

Sir wil. No pitties fit for him.

Lo. Yet weele aduise him.

Syr wil. He is my kinsman.

Lo. Being in the pit where many do fall in,
We wil both comfort him, and counsel him.

Exeunt

A noyse within, crying, Follow, follow, follow: Then enter Butler, Thomas and Iohn Scarborough with money bagges.

Tho. What shal we do now Butler?

But. A man had better lyne a good handsome payre of gallows before his time, then be born to do these sucklings good, their mothers milke not wrung out of their nose yet, they knowe no more how to behaue themselves in this honest and needeful calling of Purse-taking, then I do to peece stockings.

within. This way, This way, this way.

Both. Sfut what shal we do now?

But. See if they do not quake like a trembling-Asp-leave, and look more miserable then one of the wicked Elders picturd in the painted cloth, should they but come to the credit to be arraigned for their valor, before a worshipfull bench, their very lookes woulde hang em, and they were indighted but for stealing of Eggs.

within. Follow, follow, this way follow.

Tho: Butler. *Iohn.* Honest Butler.

Butler. Squat hart squat, creepe mee into these Bushes,
F 2 and

The Miseries

lye me as close to the ground as you would do to a wench.

Tho. How good Butler, show v. how.

But. By the Moone patronesse of all purse-takers, who woulde be troubled with such Changelings, squat hart squat.

Tho. Thus Butler.

But. I so suckling, so, sturre not now, If the peering Rogues chance to goe ouer you, yet sturre not younger Brothers call you em and haue no more forecast, I am ashamd of you, these are such whose fathers had neede leaue them money, euen to make them ready withall, for by this hiltes, they haue not wit to batten theyr sleeues without teaching, close, squat close. Now if the lot of hanging do fall to my share, so, then the Fathers old man drops for his young maisters, If it chance it chanches and when it chaunces, heauen and the Sheriffe send me a good rope, I wold not go vp the latter twice for any thing, in the meane time preuentious, honest preuentions do well, off with my skin, so you on the ground, and I to this tree to escape the Gallows.

With. Follow, follow, follow.

But. Do fol ow, if I do not deceiue you, Ile bid a poxe of this wit, and hang with a good grace.

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop with two or three other with him.

Har. Vp to this wood they tooke, search neare my friendes, I am this morne robd of three hundred pound.

But. I am iorry there was not foure to haue made euen money now by the Devils hornes, tis Sir Iohn Harcop.

Har. Leaue not a bush vnbeare, nor tree vnsearcht, as sure as I was robd the theeues went this way.

But. Theirs Nobody I perceiue but may lie at sometime for one of them climbd this wayes.

1. Stand, I heare a voice, and heres an Owle in an Iuy bush.

Bat. You lie, tis an old Seruingman in a Nut-tree.

2. Sirrah, sir, what make you in that tree.

But. Gathring of Nuts, that such fools as you are may cracke the shels, and I eat the kernels.

Har. What fellowes that?

But. Sir Iohn Harcop, my Noble Knight, I am gladde of your good health, you beare your Age faier, you keep a good house, I ha fed at your boord, and bin drunke in your buttery.

Har.

of inforst Mariages.

Har. But sirha : what made you in that tree ?

My man and I at foot of yonder hill

Were by three knaues robd of three hundred pound.

But. A shrewd losse berlady sir, but your good worship may now see the fruit of being miserable : You will ride but with one man to saue hors-meat and mans meat at your Inne at night, & lose three hundred pound in a morning.

Har. Sirha, I say I ha lost three hundred pound.

But. And I say sir, I wish all miserable knights might bee seru'd so : For had you kept halfe a dozen tall fellowes, as a man of your coat should do, they woulde haue helpt now to keep your money.

Har. But tell me sir, why lurkt you in that tree ?

But. Mary, I will tell you sir, Comming to the top of the hill where you (Right worshipfull) wer robd at the bottome, & seeing some a scuffling together, my mind strait gaue me ther were knaues abroad. Now sir, I knowing my selfe to be olde, tough, and vnwieldy, not being able to doe as I would, as muche as to say ; Rescue you (right Worshopfull,) I like an honest man, one of the Kings liege people, and a good subiect

Ser. A sayes well Sir.

Got me vp to the top of that tree : The tree (if it could speake) would beare me witnesse, that there I might see which way the knaues tooke, then to tell you of it, and you right worshopfullie to send hue to cry after em.

Har. Was it so.

But. Nay twas so sir.

Har. Nay then I tell thee they tooke into this wood.

But. And I tell thee (setting thy worsh. knight hood aside) he lyes in his throat that saies so : Had not one of them a white Frocke ? Did they not bind your worships knight hooode by the thumbs ? then fagoted you and the fool your man, back to back.

Man. He sayes true.

But. Why then so truly, came not they into this wood, but tooke ouer the Lawnes, & left Winno steeple on the left hand.

Har. It may be so, by this they are out of reach,
Well, farewell it.

But, Ride with more men, good knight.

The Miseries

Har. It shall teach me wit.

Exit Har. with followers.

But. So, If this bee not playd a weapon beyonde a Schollers Prize, let me be hyst at. Now to the next. Come out you Hedghogs? *Tbo.* O Butler, thou deseruist to be chronicled for this.

But. Do not bely me, If I had my right I deserue to be hanged fort. But come, Downe with your dust, our mornings purchase.

Tbo. Heer tis, Thou hast playd well, Thou deseruist two shares in it.

But. Three hundred pound : A pretty breakfast : Many a mā workes harde all his daies and neuer sees halfe the money. But come, Tho it be badly got, it shalbe better bellowd. But do ye heare Galants, I ha not taught you this trade to get your linings by. Vse it not, for if you doe, though I scapt by the Nut tree, be sure youle speed by the Rope : But for your paynes at this tyme, Theres a hundred pounds for you, how you shall bestow it, Ile giue you instructions. But do you heare, Looke you goe not to your Gilles, your Punks, and your Cock-tricks with it, If I hear you do : as I am an honest theefe, tho I helpt you now out of the Bryers, Ile be a meanes yet to helpe you to the Gallowes. How the rest shall be employd I haue determined, and by the way Ile make you acquainted with it.

To steale is bad, but taken where is store,

The faults the lesse, being don to helpe the pore *Exeunt.*

Enter Ilford, wentloe, Bartley. Ilford hauing a letter in his hande.

Ilf. Sure I ha sed my prayers, and liud vertuously a late, that this good fortunes befall me. Looke Gallants : I am sent for to come downe to my Fathers buriall.

went. But dost meane to goe?

Ilf. Troth no, Ile go down to take possession of his land, let the cūtry bury him & the wil : Ile stay here a while, to saue charg at his funerall.

Bart. And how dost feel thy selfe Franke, now thy father is dead? *Ilf.* As I did before, with my hands, how should I feel my selfe else? But Ile tell you newes Gallants.

went. Whats that? Dost meane now to serue God?

Ilf. Faith partly, for I intend short'ly to goe to Church, and from thence do faithfull seruice to one woman.

Enter

of inforst Mariages.

Enter Butler.

But. Good, I ha met my flesh-hooks together.

Bart. What, Dost meane to be married?

Ilf. I Mungrell, Married.

But. Thats a bayt for me.

Ilf. I will now be honestly married.

went. Its impoſſible, for thou haſt bin a whore mayſter this ſeauen yeare.

Ilf. Tis no matter, I will now marry, And to ſom honeſt woman to, and ſo from hence her vertues ſhall be a countenance to my vices. *Bart.* What ſhall ſhe be, prethee?

Ilf. No Lady, no widdow, nor no waiting gentlewoman, for vnder protection

Ladies may larde their husbands heads, Widdows will Woodcocks make, & chambermayds of ſeru'g mē learn that, they le neſt forſake. *Went.* Who wilt thou wed then, prethee?

Ilf. To any mayd, ſo ſhe be fayr: To any mayd, ſo ſhe be rich To any mayd ſo ſhe be young: and to any mayde

Bart. So ſhe be honeſt.

Ilf. Faith, its no great matter for her honeſtye, for in theſe dayes, thats a Dowie out of requeſt.

But. From theſe Crabes will I gather ſweetneſſe: wherein Ile imitate the Bee, that ſucks her hony, not from the ſweeteſt flowers, but Timb the bittereſt: So theſe hauing beene the meanes to begger my mayſter, ſhal be the helpes to relecue his brothers and ſiſter.

Ilf. To whom ſhall I now be a ſuter?

But. Faire fall ye Gallants.

Ilf. Nay, and ſhe be fayre ſhe ſhall fall ſure enough. *Butler,* how Iſt good Butler. *But.* Wil you be made gallants?

went. I, but not willingly Cuckolds, tho we are now talking about wiues.

But. Let your wiues agree of that after, will you firſt be richly married? *All.* How Butler: richly married?

But. Rich in beauty, rich in purſe, riche in vertue, riche in all things. But *Mum*, I ſay nothing, I know of two or three rich heyres. But *Cargo*, my fiddleſtick cannot play without Rozen:

went. Butler.

(Auant.

The Miseries

If. Dost not know me Butler?

But. For Kex, dryde Kex, that in summer ha bin so liberal to fodder other mens cattle, and scarce haue inough to keepe your owne in Winter. Mine are preeious Cabinets, and must haue pretious Jewels put into them, and I know you to be merchants of Stock fish, and not men for my market: Then vanish.

If. Come, ye old mad-cap you, what need all this? Cannot a man ha bin a little whoore-mayster in his youth, but you must vpbraide him with it, and tell him of his defects, which when he is married, his wife sha I finde in him? Why my fathers dead man now, who by his death has left me the better part of a thousand a yeare.

But. Tut, she of Lancashire has fifteen hundred.

If. Let me haue her then, good Butler.

But. And then shee the bright beauty of Leystershire, has a thousand, nay thirteen hundred a yeare, at least.

If. Or let me haue her, honest Butler.

But. Besides, she the most delicate, sweet countenanst, blacke browd gentlewoman in Northamptonshire, in substance equals the best of em.

If. Let me haue her then.

Bart. Or I.

Went. Or I, good Butler:

But. You were best play the partes of right fooles, and most desperāte whore-masters, and go together by the eares for the ere ye see them. But they are the moste rare featurd, well faced, excellent spoke, rare qualited, vertuous, and worthy to be admired gentlewoman,

All. And rich Butler?

But. (I that must be one, tho they want all the rest) And rich Gallants, as are from the vtmost parts of *Asia*, to these present confines of Europe.

All. And wilt thou helpe vs to them Butler?

But. Faith, tis to be doubted, for pretious pearle will hardly be bought without pretious stones, and I think theres scarce one indifferent one to be found, betwixt you three: yet since there is some hope ye may proue honest, as by the death of your fathers
you

of enforced Marriage.

Fathers you are proued rich, walke seuerally, for I knowing you all three to be couetous Tug-muttons will not trust you with the sight of each others beawty but will seuerally, talke with you, and since you haue deigned in this needfull portion of wedlocke to bee ru'd by mee Butler, will most bountifullly provide wiues for you generally.

All. Why that honestly said.

But. Why so, and now first to your Sir Knight

If. Godamercy.

But. You see this couple of abhominable Woodcocks heare.

If. A pox on them, absolute Coxcomes.

But. You heard me tel them, I had Intelligence to giue of three Gentlewomen.

If. True.

But. Now indeed Sir I ha but the performance of one.

If. Good.

But. And her I doe intende for you, onely for you.

If. Honest Butler.

But. Now sir, shee being but lately come to this towne, and so neerely watcht by the iealous eyes of her friends, she being a Rich heyre, least she shoul be stolne away by some disolute Prodigal, or desperat estated spend-thrift, as you ha bin Sir.

If. O but thats past Butler.

But. True I knowt, & intend now but to make vse of them, flatter with them with hopefull promises, and make them needfull instruments.

If. To helpe me to the wench,

But. You ha hit it which thus must beeffected, first by keeping close your purpose.

If. Good.

Ba. Also concealing from them, the lodgins beawty and riches of your new, but admirable Mistris.

If. Excellent.

But. Of which your following happines, if they should know either in enny of your good, or hope of their owne aduancement theyd make our labours knowne to the gentlewomans Vncles, and so our benefit be frustrate.

If. Admirable Butler.

The Miseries

But. Which done, als but this, being as you shal be brought in-
to hir company, and by my praising your vertues you get possesi-
on of her Loue, one morning step to the tower, or to make al sure,
hier some stipendary priestle for money: for Money in these
dayes, what wil not be done, and what will not a man do for a rich
wife, and with him make no more ado but marrie hir in hir lodging
and being married, lie with her and spare not.

If. Do they not see vs, do they not see vs, let mee kisse thee, let
me kisse thee Butler, let but this be done, and all the benefit requi-
tall and happines I can promise thee fort, shall be this, Ile be thy
rich maister, and thou shalt carry my purse.

But. Enough, meet me at her lodging some half an houre hence:
harke she lies.

If. I hate.

But. Faile not.

If. Will I liue.

But. I wil but shift of these two Rhinoceros,

If. Wogens, wingens, a couple of guls.

But. With some discourse of hope to wiue them two, and be
with you straight.

If. Blest day, my loue shal be thy cushion honest Butler.

But. So now to my tother Gallants.

Went. O Butler, we ha bin in passion at thy tediousnes,

But. Why looks you. I had al this talke for your good.

Bar. Hadst.

But. For you know the knight is but a scuruy-proud-prating-
Prodigall, licentious vnneccessary.

Went. An Asse, an Asse, an Asse.

But. Now you heard me tel him I had three Wenches in store,

Bar. And he would ha had them al would he.

But. Heare me, tho he may liue to be an Oxe, he had not now
so much of the Goat in him, but onely hopes for one of the three
when indeed I ha but two, and knowing you to bee men of more
vertue, and deerer in my respect intend them to be yours.

Went. We shal honor thee.

Bar. But how Butler.

But. I am now go-
ing to their place of residence, scituate in the choifest place in the
Ciry, and at the signe of the Wolfe iust against Gold-Smiths-row
where

of incest Marriage.

where you shal meet me, but ask not for me, only walk too and fro
and to auoid suspicion you may spende some conference with the
Shop-keepers wiues, they haue seats built a purpose for such fami-
liar entertainment, where from a bay window which is opposite,
I will make you knowne to your desired beauties, commend the
good parts you haue.

Went Both masse mine are very few.

But. And win a kind of desire, as women are soone wonne to
make you bee beloued where you shall firste kisse, then Woe, at
length Wed, and at last bed my Noble harts.

Both. O Butler.

But. Wenches bona robes, blessed beauties, without colour or
counterfet: Away, put on your best Cloaths, get you to the Bar-
bers, Curle vp your haire, walke with the best strouts you can, you
shal see more at the Window, and I ha vovd to make you.

Bar. Wilt thou.

But. Both Fooles, and Ile want of my wit but Ile doot.

Bar. We wil liue together as felowes.

Went. As Brothers.

But. As arrant knaues if I keepe you company,
O, the most wretched season of this time,
These men-like Fish, do swim within one streame,
Yet theyd eat one another, making no Conscience
To drinke with them theyd poyson, no offence,
Betwixt their thoughts and actions haue controle,
But headlong run, like an vnbiast Bowle,
Yet I will throw them on, but like to him,
At play knowes how to loose, and when to win,

Enter Thomas and Iohn Scarborrow.

Tho. Butler. - *But.* O, are you come.
And fit as I appointed: so, tis wel,
you knowe your kues, and haue instructions howe to beare your
selues: Al, al is fit, play but your part, your states from hence are
firme. *Exit.*

Iohn. What shal I tearme this creature not a man.

Betwixt this Butler leads Ilford in.

The Miseries

Hees not of mortals temper but hees one,
Made all of goodnes, tho of flesh and bone,
O Brother, brother, but for that honest man,
As neere to misery had bin our breath,
As where the thundring pellet strikes is death,

Tho. I, my shift of shirts and change of cloths
knowt.

John. Well tel of him, like bells whose musick rings
One Coronation day for ioy of Kings,
That hath preserv'd their steeples not like towles,
That summons living tears for the dead soules.

Enter Butler and Ilford above.

But. Gods preciouſ Sir, the hel Sir, euen as you had new kiſt,
and were about to court her, if her Vncles be not come.

Ilf. A plague on thee, ſpit out.

But. But tis no matter Sir, ſtay you heere in this vpper chamber, & Ile ſtay beneath with her, tis ten to one you ſhal hear them talke now, of the greatnes of her poſſeſſions, the care they haue to ſee her well beſtowed, the admirablenes of her vertues, all which for all their comming, ſhall be but happines ordained for you, & by my meanes be your inheritance.

Ilf. Then thou'ſt ſhift them away, and keepe from the fighte of them.

But. Haue I not promiſt to make you.

Ilf. Thou haſt.

But. Go to then, reſt heere with patience, and be confident in my truſt, onely in my abſence you may praiſe God for the bleſſednes you haue to come. and ſay your prayers if you will, Ile but prepare her hart for entertainement of your loue, diſmiſſe them, for your free acceſſe, and returne ſtraight.

Ilf. Honest-bleſt-natural-friend, thou dealeſt with mee like a Btother: Butler,

Exit.

Sure heauen hath reſerned this man to weare Grey-hairs to do me good, now wil I liſten, liſten cloſe, and ſucke in her Vncles words with a reioycing eare,

Tho. As we were ſaying Brother,
Where ſhal we find a husband for my Neece.

Ilf. Marry ſhe ſhal find one heere tho you little knowt, thanks,
chankes,

of inforcest Mariage.

Thanks honest Butler.

Io. She is left rich in Money, Plate, and Jewels.

Ilf. Comfort, comfort to my soule.

Tho. Hath all her manner houses richly furnished.

Ilf. Good, good, Ile find employment for them.

With. But. Speake loud enough that he may heare you.

Io. I take her state to be about a thousand pound a yeare,

Ilf. And that which my father, hath left me, will make it about
fifteene, hundred admirable.

Ioh. Indebt to no man, then must our natural care be,
As she is wealthy to see her married well.

Ilf. And that she shall be as well as the priest can, hee shall not,
Leaue out a word ont.

Tho. I thinke she has.

Ilf. What a Gods name.

Tho. About foure thousand pound in her great chest.

Ilf. And Ile find a vent fort I hope.

Io. Shee is vertuous, and she is faire.

Ilf. And she were foule, being rich, I would be glad of her.

But. Pisht, pisht.

Io. Come, weele go visit her, but with this care,
That to no spend-thrift we do marry her.

Exeunt

Ilf. You may chance be deceiued old gray-beardes, heares hee
will spend some of it, thanks, thanks, honest Butler, now doe I
see the happines of my future estate, I walke me as to morrow, be-
ing the day after my marriage, with my fourteene men in Liverie
cloakes after me, and step to the wall in some chieefe streete of the
Citty, tho I ha no occasion to vse it, that the Shop-keepers may
take notice how many followers stand bare to mee, and yet in thys
latter age, the keeping of men being not in request, I will turne
my aforesaid fourteen into two Pages and two Coaches, I wil get
me selfe into grace at Court, runne head-long into debt, and then
looke scurvily vpon the Citty, I wil walke you into the presence in
the afternoone hauing put on a richer sute, then I wore in the mor-
ning, and call boy or sirrah, I wil ha the grace of some great Lady
though I pay fort, and at the next Triumphes runne a Tilt, that
when I runne my course, though I breake not my launce: she may
whisper to her selfe, looking vppon my smell, wel run my knighe

The Miseries

I will now keepe great horses, scorning to haue a Queene to keepe me, indeede I will practise all the Gallantry in vse, for by a Wyfe comes all my happines.

Enter Butler.

But. Now sir, you ha heard her Vnckles, and how do you lyke them.

Il. O But. they ha made good thy words, & I am rauisht with the.

By. And hauing seen & kist the gentlewo. how do you like hir?

Ilf. O Butler beyonde discourse, shee's a Paragon for a Prince, then a fit Implemant for a Gentleman, beyond my Element.

But. Well then, since you like her, and by my meanes, she shall like you, nothing rests now but to haue you married.

Ilf. True Butler, but withall to haue her portion.

But. Tut, thats sure yours when you are married once, for tis hers by Inheritance, but do you loue her?

Ilf. O, with my soule.

But. Ha you sworne as much.

Ilf. To thee, to her, and ha cald heauen to witnes.

But. How shall I know that.

Ilf. Butler, heere I protest, make vowes Irreuoicable.

But. Vpon your knees.

Ilf. Vpon my knees, with my hart, and soule I loue her.

But. Will liue with her.

Ilf. Will liue with her.

But. Marry her and maintaine her.

Ilf. Marry her and maintaine hir.

But. For her forsake al other women.

Ilf. Nay for her forswear all other women.

Ilf. In al degrees of Love.

But. In all degrees of Loue, either to Court, kisse, giue priuate fauours, or vse priuate meanes, he doe nothing that married men being close whoremaisters do, so I may haue her.

But. And yet you hauing bin an open whoremaister, I will not beleue you til I hear you sweare as much in the way of contract to her selfe, and call me to bee a witnesse.

Ilf. By heauen, by earth, by Hell, by all that man can sweare, I will, so I may haue her.

But.

of inforest Mariage.

But. Enough.

Thus at first sight, rash men to women swear;
When such oaths broke, heaven grieues and sheds a teare:
But shees come, ply her, ply her. *Enter Scarborowes Sister.*

Ilf. Kind Mistres, as I protested, so againe I vow, I faith I loue you.
Sist. And I am not Sir so vncharitable,
To hate the man that loues me.

Ilf. Loue methen,
The which loues you as Angels loues good men,
Who wish them to liue with them euer,
In that high blisse whom hell cannot diss euer.

But. Ile steale away and leaue them, so wise men do,
Whom they would match, let them ha leaue to wo. *Exit Butler*

Ilf. Mistris I know your worth is beyond my desert, yet by my
praising of your virtues, I woulde not haue you as women vse to
do, become proud.

Si. None of my affections are prides children, nor a kin to them

Ilf. Can you loue methen?

Sist. I can, for I loue al the world, but am in loue with none.

Ilf. Yet be in loue with me, let your affections
Combine with mine, and let our soules
Like Turtles haue a mutual Simpathy,
Who loue so well, that they together die,
Such is my life, who conets to expire,
If it should loose your loue.

Sist. May I belecue you?

Ilf. Introth you may,
Your lifes my life, your death my dying day.

Sist. Sir the commendations I haue receiued from Butler of your
byrth and worth, together with the Iudgement of mine owne eie,
bids me belecue and loue you.

Ilf. O seale it with a kisse,
Blest hower my life had neuer ioy till this.

Enter Wentloe, and Bartley beneath.

Bart. Here about is the house sure.

Wentlo. We cannot mistake it, for heres the signe of the Wolfe
and the Bay-window.

Enter Butler above.

But.

The Miseries

But. Whatso close? Tis well, I ha shifted away your Vncles Mistris, but see the spight Sir Francis, if yon same couple of Snel-sinockes, Wentloe and Bartley, ha not sented after vs.

If. Apoe on em, what shall we do then Butler?

But. What but be married straight man.

If. I but how Butler.

But. Tut, I neuer faile at a dead list, for to perfect your blisse, I haue provided you a Priest.

If. Where, prethe Butler where?

but. Wnere? But beneath in her Chamber. I ha fild his hands with Coine, and he shall tye you fast with wordes, he shall close your hands in one, and then doe clap your selfe into her sheetes and spare not.

If. O sweete.

(Exit Ilford with his Sister.)

but. Downe, downe, tis the onely way for you to get vp. Thus in this taske, for others good I toyle,
And she kind Gentlewoman weds her selfe,
Hauing bin scarcely wooed, and ere her thoughts,
Haue learnd to loue him, that being her husband,
She may releue her, brothers in their wantes,
She marries him to helpe her nearest kin,
I make the match, and hope it is no sinne.

Went. Sfut it is scuruy Walking, for vs so neare the two Counters, would he would come once?

Bar. Masse hees yonder: Now Butler.

But. O Gallants are you here, I ha done wonders for you commended you to the Gentlewomen, who hauing taken note of your good legs, and good faces, haue a liking to you, meet me beneath.

both Happy Butler.

but. They are yours, and you are theirs, meet me beneath I say. By this they are wed, I and perhaps haue bedded, *Ex. men. & bar.*
Now followes whether knowing shee is poore,
Heele swear he lou'd her as he swore before.

Exit butler

Enter Ilford with Scarborrowes sister.

If. Ho Sirrha, who would ha thought it, I perceiue now a woman may be a maid, be married, and loose her maiden-head, and all in halfe and an hower, and how doest like me now wench.

sister

of inforced Mariages.

Sist. As doth befit your seruant and your wife,
That owe you loue and duty al my life.

If. And there shal be no Loue lost, nor seruice neither, Ile do thee seruice at boord, and thou shalt do me seruice a bed: Nowe must I as youg married men vse to do, kisse my portion out of my yong wife. Thou art my sweet Rogue, my Lambe, my Pigmy, my play-fellow, my pretty pretty any thing, come a busse prethee, so tis my kind hart, and wats thou what now?

Sist. Not till you tel me Sir,

If. I ha got thee with Childe in my Conscience, and lyke a kind Husbande, methinkes I breede it for thee. For I am alreadie sicke at my stomacke and long extremely. Now must thou bee my helpful Phyfition, and prouide for me.

Sist. Euen to my blood,
Whats mine is yours, to gaine your peace or good.

If. What a kind soule is this, could a man haue found a greater content in a wife, if he should ha sought thorough the worlde for her: Prethy hart as I said, I long, and in good troth I do, and methinkes thy first childe wil bee borne without a nose, if I loose my longing, tis but for a trifle too, yet methinkes it wil do me no good vnlesse thou effect it for me. I could take thy keyes my selfe, go in to thy Clofet, and read ouer the deeds and cuidences of thy Land, & in reading ouer them, reioice I had such blest fortune to haue so fayre a wife with so much endowment, and then open thy Chests, and suruey thy Plate, Jewels, Treasure. But a pox ont, al will doe me no good, vnlesse thou effect it for me.

Sist. Sir I wil shew you al the wealth I haue,
Of Coyne, of Jewels, or Possessions.

If. Good gentle hart, Ile giue thee another busse for that, for that giue thee a new gowne to morrow morning, by this hand do thou but dreame what stufte and what Fashion thou wilt haue it on to night.

Sist. The land I can endow you with, is my Loue,
The riches I possesse for you is loue,
A Treasure greater then is Land or Gold,
It cannot be forfeited, and it shal neare be sold.

If. Loue I know that, and Ile answer thee loue for. Loue in abundance: but come prethee come, lets see these deedes and e-

The Miseries

uidences, this Mony, Plate, and Jewels, wilt ha thy Childe borne without a nose, if thou beest so carelesse, spare not, why my little frapper you, I heard thy Vnckles talk of thy riches, thatt' ou hadst hundreds a yeare, seuerall Lord-ships, Mannours Houses, Thousands of poundes in your great Chests, Jewels, Plate, and Ringes in your little Box.

Sist. And for that riches you did marry me.

If. Troth I did, as now adates Batchelers do sware I lou'd thee but indeed married thee for thy wealth.

Sist. Sir I beseech you say not your eiths were such,
So like falce coyne, being put vnto the touch,
Who beare a flourish in the outward show,
Of a true stampe, but truely are not so,
You swore me loue, I gaue the like to you,
Then as a ship being wedded to the sea,
Dus either sayle or sinke euen so must I,
You being the haven to which my hopes must fle.

If. True Chucke I am thy haven, and harbor too,
And like a ship I took thee, who brings home Treasure
As thou to me, the Marchant-venturer.

Sist. What riches I am ballast with are yours.

If. Thats kindly saide now,

Sist. It but with sand, as I am but with earth,
Being your right of right, you must receiue me,
I ha no other lading but my Lone.

Which in abundance I will render you,
If other fraught you do expect my store,
Ile pay you teares, my riches, are no more.

If. Howes this? howes this? I hope you do but lfe,

Sist. I am Sister to decaied Scarborrow.

If. Ha.

Sist. Whose substance your Inicements did consume.

If. Worse then an Ague.

Sist. Which as you did beleue so they supposed,
Twas fitter for your selfe then for another,
To keepe the sister, had vndone the brother.

If. I am guild by this hand. An old Co i chacher, and beguild;
where the pox now are my two Coaches, choise of houses, seuerall

fares

of inforcest Mariages.

futes, a plague on them, and I knowe not what : Doe you heare Puppet, do you thinke you shal not be damned for this, to Cosen a Gentleman of his hopes, and compell your selfe into Matrimony with a man, whether hee wil or no with you, I ha made a fayre match yfaith, wil any man buy my commodity out of my hand, as God saue me he shall haue her for halfe the money she cost me.

Enter Wentlo, and Bartley.

Went. O, ha we met you Sir.

Bart. What, turnd Micher, steale a wife, and not make your old friends acquainted with it.

If. A pox on her, I would you had her.

Went. Wel, God giue you Joy, we can heare of your good fortune, now tis done, tho we could not be acquainted with it aforehand. *Bart.* As that you haue two thousand pound a yeare.

Went. Two or three mannor houses.

Bart. A wite, faire, rich, and vertuous.

If. Pretty infith, very pretty.

Went. Store of Gold.

Bart. Plate in abundance.

If. Better, better, better.

Went. And so many Oxen, that their hornes are able to store al the Cuckolds in your Country.

If. Do not make me mad good Gentlemen, do not make me mad, I could be made a Cuckold with more patience, then indure this. *We.* Foe we shal haue you turne proud now, grow respectles of your Ancient acquaintance, why Butler told vs of it : Who was the maker of the match for you ?

If. A pox of his furtheraunce, Gentlemen as you are Christians, vex me no more, that I am married I confesse, a plague of the Fates, that wedding and hanging comes by destiny, but for the riches she has brought, beare witnes how Ile rewarde her.

Sist. Sir.

If. Whore, I and Iade, Witch, Ifacst, stinking-breath, crooked-nose, worse then the Deuill, and a plague on thee that euer I saw thee.

Bart. A Comedy, a Comedy.

Went. Whats the meaning of all this, is this the maske after thy marriage.

of inforst Mariages.

If. O Gentlemen, I am vndone, I am vndone, for I am married, I that could not abide a Woman, but to make her a whore, hated all Shee-creatures, fayre and poore, swore I would neuer marry but to one that was rich, and to be thus cunnicacht. Who do you thinke this is Gentlemen?

went. Why your wife, Who should it be else?

If. Thats my misfortune, that marrying her in hope she was rich, she prooues to be the beggerly Sister to the more beggerly Scarborrow.

Bart. How?

Went. Ha, ha, ha.

If. I, you may laugh, but she shall cry as well as I for't,

Bart. Nay, do not weepe.

went. He dus but counterfeit now to delude vs, he has all her portion of Land, Coyne, Plate, Jewels: and now dissembles thus least we should borrow some Mony of him.

If. And you be kinde Gentlemen lend me some, for hauing payd the Priest, I ha not so much left in the world, as will higher me a horse to carry me away from her.

Bart. But art thou thus guld infaith.

If. Are you sure you ha eyes in your head.

went. Why then, By her brothers setting one in my conscience, who knowing thee now to ha somewhat to take to, by the death of thy father, and that hee hath spent her portion, and his owne possessions, hath laid this plot, for thee to marry her, and so he to be rid of her himselfe.

If. Nay, thats without question, but Ile be reuenged of em both, for you Mixe. Nay Stut, giue em me, or Ile kicke else.

Sist. Good, sweete.

If. Sweete with a poxe, you stinke in my nose, giue me your Iewe ls? Nay Bracelets too.

Sist. O me, most miserable.

If. Out of my sight, I and out of my doores, for now, whats within this house is mine, and for your brother He made this match, in hope to do you good, And I weare this for which, shall draw his bloud.

went. A braue resolution.

Exit with went. and Barley.

Bart. In which wele second thee.

If.

The Miseries

Ilf. Away, whore, Out of my doores whore.

Sist. O greefe, that pouerty should ha that power to teare
Men from themselues, tho they wed, bed, and sweare.

Enter Thomas and Iohn Scarborrow, with Butler.

Tho. How now sister.

sist. Vndone, vndone.

But. Why Mistris, how ist? how ist?

sist. My husband has forsooke me.

But. O periury.

sist. Has taine my Iewels, and my Bracelets from me.

Tho. Vengeance, I playd the theefe for the mony that bought
em. *sist.* Left me distrest, and thrust mee forth a doores.

Tho. Damnation on him, I will heere no more,
But for his wrong reuenge me on my brother,
Degenerate, and was the cause of all,
Hespent our portion, and Ile see his fall.

Ioh. O but Brother.

Tho. Perswade me not.

All hopes are shipwraft, miserie comes on,
The comfort we did looke from him is frustrate,
All meanes, all maintenance, but grieve is gone.
And all shall end by his destruction.

Exit.

Ioh. Ile follow and preuent, what in this heat may happen,
His want makes sharpe his sword, to greates the ill,
If that one brother should another kill.

Exit.

But. And what will you do Mistris?

sist. Ile sit me downe, sigh loude in stead of wordes,
And wound my selfe with grieve as they with swords.
And for the sustenance that I should eate,
Ile feed on grieve, tis woes best rellisht meate.

But. Good hart I pittie you,
You shall not be so cruell to your selfe,
I haue the poore Seruingmans allowance,
Twelue pence adaye to buy me sustenance,
One meale aday Ile eate, the tother fast,
To giue your wantes reliefe. And Mistris
Be this some comfort to your miseries,
Ile ha thin cheekes, care you shall ha wet eyes.

Exeunt.

Enter

The Miseries

Enter Scarrborrow.

What is prodigallity? Faith like a Brush
That weares himselfe to florish others cloathes,
And hauing worne his hart euen to the stump,
Hees throwne away like a deformed lump.
Oh such am I, I ha spent all the wealth
My ancestors did purchase, made others braue
In shape and riches, and my selfe a knaue.
For tho my wealth raisd some to paint their doore,
Tis shut against me, saying I am but poore:
Nay, euen the greatest arme, whose hand hath graft,
My presence to the eye of Maesty, shrinkes back,
His fingers cluch, and like to lead,
They are heauy to raise vp my state, being dead.
By which I find, spend thriftes, and such am I,
Like strumpets florish, but are foule within,
And they like Snakes, know when to cast their skin. *Enter Tho.*

Tho. Turne, draw, and dye, I come to kill thee.

Scar. Whats he that speakes? Like sicknesse: Oh ist you,
Sleepe still, you cannot mooue me, fare you well.

Tho. Thinke not my fury flakes so, or my bloud
Can coole it selfe to temper by refusall,
Turne or thou dyest.

Scar. Away.

Tho. I do not wish to kill thee like a slaue,
That taps men in their cups, and broch their harts,
Eare with a warning peece they haue wakt their eares,
I would not like to powder shoote thee downe,
To a flat graue, ere thou hast thought to fro.yne:
I am no Coward, but in manly tearmes,
And fayrest oppositions vow to kill thee.

Scar. From whence proceedes this heat.

Tho. From sparkles bred by thee, that like a villain.

Sea. Ha.

Tho. Ile hallow it in thine eares till thy soule quake to heare it,
That like a villain hast vndone thy brothers.

Sea. Would thou wert not so neere me: yet farewell.

Tho. By nature, and her lawes make vs a kinne,

of inforst Marriage.

As neere as are these hands, or sin to sinne.
Draw and defend thy selfe, or Ile forget
Thou art a man.

Scar. Would thou were not my Brother?

Tho. I disclaime them.

Scar. Are wee not off-spring of one parent wretch.

Tho. I do forget it, pardon me the dead,
I should deny the paines you bid for me.
My blood growes hot for vengeance, thou hast spent
My liues reuenewes that our parents purchast.

Scar. O do not wracke me with remembrance ont.

Tho. Thou hast made my life a Begger in this world,
And I will make thee bankrout of thy breath:
Thou hast bin so bad, the best I can giue,
Thou art a Deuill, not with men to liue.

Scar. Then take a Devils payment.

*Heere they make a passe one vpon another, when at Scarborrowes backe,
comes in Ilford, Wentloe, and Bartley.*

Ilf. Hees here, draw Gentlemen.

Went.Bart. Die Scarborrow.

Scar. Girt round with death.

Tho. How set vpon by three, Sfut feare not Brother, yon Co-
wards, three to one, slaues, worse then Fensers that wear long wea-
pons. You shall be fought withall, you shall be fought withall.

*Here the Brothers ioyne, drine the rest out,
and returne.*

Scar. Brother I thanke you, for you now haue bin
A patron of my life, forget the sinne
I pray you, with my loose and wastfull houres,
Hash made against your Fortunes, I repent em,
And wish I could new ioynt and strength your hopes,
Tho with indifferent ruine of mine owne.
I haue a many finnes, the thought of which
Like finisht Needles pricke me to the soule,
But find your wronges, to haue the sharpest point.
If penitence your losses might repayre,
You should be rich in wealth, and I in care.

Tho. I do belecue you Sir, but I must tell you,

The Miseries

Evils the which are gainst an other done,
Repentance makes no satisfaction
To him that feelles the smart. Our father sir,
Left in your trust my portion: you ha spent it,
And suffered me (whilst you in ryots house,
A drunken Tauerne, spild my maintain ince
Perhaps vpon the ground with ouerflowne cups,
Like birds in hardest winter halfe starud, to flie)
And picke vp any food, least I should die.

scar. I prethee let vs be at peace together.

Tho. At peace for what? For spending my inheritance,
By yonder son that euery soule has life by,
As sure as thou hast life lle fight with thee.

Scar. Ide not be moou'd vntoot.

Tho. lle kill thee then, wert thou now claspt
Within thy mother, wife, or childrens armea.

scar. Wouldst homicide? art so degenerat?
Then let my blood grow hot.

Tho. For it shall coole.

scar. To kill rather then bee kild is manhoods rule.

Enter Iohn Scarborrow.

Io. Stay let not your wraths meet.

Tho. Hart, what makst thou here?

Io. Say who are you, or you, are you not one,
Thar scarce can make a fit distinction
Betwixt each other. Are you not Brothers?

Tho. I renounce him.

scar. Shalt not need.

Tho. Giue way.

scar. Haue at thee,

Io. Who sturs, which of you both hath strength within his arm
To wound his owne brest, whose so desperate,
To dam himselfe by killing of himselfe,
Are you not both one flesh?

Tho. Hart, giue me way.

scar. Be not a bar betwixt vs, or by my sword
lle mete thy graue out.

Io. O do, for Gods sake do:

of inforcest Marriage.

Tis happy death, if I may die and you
Not murther one another. O do but harken,
When dus the Sunne and Moone borne in one frame
Contend, but they breed Earthquakes in mens harts :
When any starre prodigiously appeares,
Tels it not fall of kings or fatall yeares.
And then if Brothers fight, what may men thinke,
Sinne growes so high, tis time the world should sinke.

scar. My hart growes coole againe, I wish it not.

Tho. Stop not my fury, or by my life I sweare,
I will reueale the robbery we ha done,
And take reuenge on thee,
That hinders me to take reuenge on him.

Io. I yeld to that, but neare consent to this,
I shall then die as mine owne sinne affords,
Fall by the law, not by my Brothers swords.

Tho. Then by that light that guides me here I vow,
Ile straight to Sir Iohn Harcop, and make knowne
We were the two that robd him.

Io. Prethy do.

Tho. Sin has his shame, and thou shalt ha thy due.

Exit.

Io. Thus haue I shewne the nature of a Brother,
Tho you haue prou'd vnnaturall to me.
Hees gone in heate to publish out the theft,
Which want and your vnkindnes forest vs to,
If now I die that death and publicke shame,
Is a Corsiue to your soule, blot to your name.

Exit.

scar. O tis too true, theres not a thought I thinke,
But must pertake thy greefes, and drinke
A rellish of thy sorrow and misfortune,
With waight of others teares I am ore borne,
That scarce am *Atlas* to hold vp mine owne,
And al to good for me. A happy Creature
In my Cradle, and haue made my selfe
The common curse of mankind by my life,
Vndone my Brothers, made them theeuers for bread,
And begot pretty children to line beggers,
O Conscience, how thou are slung to thinke vpont,

The Miseries

My Brothers vnto shame must yeeld their blood,
My Babes at others stirrups beg their food,
Or els turne theeues to, and be choakt fort,
Die a Dogs death, be perchd vpon a tree,
Hang betwixt heauen and earth, as fit for neither,
The curse of heauen thats due to reprobates,
Discends vpon my Brothers, and my children,
And I am parent to it, I, I am parent to it.

Enter Butler.

But. Where are you Sir?

Scar. Why starest thou, whats thy hast?

But. Heeres felowes swarme like flies to speake with you.

Scar. What are they?

But. Snakes I thinke Sir, for they come with slinges in their mouths, and their tongues are turnd to teeth to: They claw Villanously, they haue cate vp your honest name, and honourable reputation by railing against you, and now they come to deuoure your possessions.

Scar. In playner Euargy, what are they, speake?

But. Mantichoras, monstrous beastes, enemies to mankinde, that ha double rowes of teeth in their mouthes. They are Vsurers, they come yawning for mony, & the Sheriffe with them, is come to serue an extent vppon your Lande, and then cease on your bodie by force of execution, they ha begirt the house round.

Scar. So that the rooffe our Auncestors did build
For their sonnes comfort, and their wiues for Charity,
Idare not to looke out.

But. Besides Sir, heres your poore children.

Scar. Poore children they are indeede.

But. Come with fire and water: teares in their eies, and burning greefe in their harts, and desire to speake with you.

Scar. Heape sorrow vpon sorrow? Tell me, are
My brothers gone to execution?
For what I did, for euery haynous sin,
Sits on his soule by whom it did begin.
And so did theirs by me. Tell me withall,
My children carry moysture in their eyes,
Whose speaking drops, say father, thus must we

Aske

of inforst Mariage.

Aske our reliefe, or die with infamy,
For you ha made vs beggers. Yet when thy tale has kild me
to giue my passage comfort from this stage,
Say all was done by inforst marriage:
My graue will then be welcome.

But. What shall we do sir?

Scar. Do as the deuill dus, hate panther-mankind,
And yet I lie: for deuils sinners loue,
When men hate men, tho good like some aboue.

Enter Scarborrowes wife Katherine with two Children.

But. Your wifes come in sir.

Sca. Thoulyest, I ha not a wife. None can be cald,
True man and wife, but those whom heauen instald. Say,

Kath. O my deere husband?

Sca. You are very welcome, peace: wele ha complement.
Who are you Gentlewoman.

Kat. Sir your distressed wife, and these your children.

Sca. Mine? Where, how begot:
Proue me by certaine instance thats deuine,
That I should call them lawfull, or the mine.

Kat. Were we not married sir?

Sca. No, tho we heard the words of Ceremonie,
But had hands knit as fellons that weare fetters
Forst vpon them. For tell me woman,
Did ere my Loue with sighs intreat thee mine,
Did euer I in willing conference,
Speake words, made halfe with teares that I did loue thee:
Or was I euer

But glad to see thee as al Louers are.

No, no, thou knowst I was not.

Ka. O me.

But. The mores the pittie.

Scar. But when I came to Church, I did there stand
All water, whose forst breach had drownd my Land,
Are you my wife, or these my children?
Why tis impossible, for like the skies,
Without the sunnes light, so looke al your eies,
Darke, Cloudy, thicke, and ful of heauines,

The Miseries

Within my Country there was hope to see
Me and my yssue to be like our fathers,
Vpholders of our Country, al our life,
Which should ha bin, if I had wed a wife.

Where now,

As dropping leaues in Autume you looke al,
And I that should vphold you like to fal,

Ka. Twas, nor, shal be my fault, Heaven bear me witnes.

Scar. Thou lyest? strumper, thou lyest?

Bu. O Sir.

Scar. Peace sawcie Tacke, strumper I say thou lyest,
For wife of mine thou art not, and these thy Bastards
Whom I begot of thee, with this vnrelt,
That Bastards borne, are borne not to be Blest

Ka. One me poure al your wrath, but not on them.

Scar. On thee, and them, for tis the end of lust,
To scourge it selfe, heaven lingring to be iust:
Harlor.

Ka. Husband.

Scar. Bastardes.

Child. Father.

But. What hart not pitties this?

Scar. Euen in your Cradle, you were accurst of heaven,
Thou an Adu'teress in thy married armes,
And they that made the match, bawds to thy lust:
I, now you hang the heade, shouldst ha done so before,
Then these had not bin Bastards, thou a whore.

Bue. I cannot brookt no longer, Sir you doe not well in this.

Scar. Ha slaue.

But. Tis not the aime of gentry to bring forth,
Such harsh vnrellisht fruit vnto their wiues,
And to their pretty pretty children by my troth.

Scar. How rascall.

But. Sir I must tel you, your progenitors
Two of the which these yeares were seruant to,
Had not such mists before their vnderstanding,
Thus to behaue themselues.

Scar. And youle controule me sir.

But. I, I, will.

Scar.

of inforest Mariage.

Scar. You rogue.

But. Tis, I will tel you tis vngently done
Thus to defame your wife, abuse your children,
Wrong them, you wrong your selfe, are they not yours?

Sea. Pretty, pretty Impudence in faith,

But. Her whom your are bound to loue, to raile against,
These whom you are bound to keepe, to spurne like dogs,
And you were not my maister, I would tell you.

Scar. What slaue.

But. Put vp your Bird-spit, tut I feare it not,
In doing deeds so base, so vild as these,
Tis but a Kna, kna, kna.

Scar. Roge.

But. Tut howsoeuer, tis a dishonest part,
And in defence of these I throw off duty

Scar. Good Butler.

But. Peace honest Mistris, I will say you are wronged,
Proue it vpon him, euen in his blood, his bones,
His guts, his Maw, his Throat, his Intrals.

Scar. You runnagate of threescore,

But. Tis better then a knaue of three and twenty,

Scar. Patience be my Buckler,
As not to file my hands in villaines blood,
You knaue Slaue-trencher-groome
Who is your maister?

But. You if you were a maister.

Scar. Off with your coate then, get you fort a doores.

But. My cote sir.

Scar. I your coat slaue.

But. Strut when you hate, tis but a thred-bare coat,
And there tis for you: know that I scorne
To weare his Liurey is so worthy borne,
And liue so base a life, old as I am,
He rather be a begger then your man,
And theres your seruice for you.

Exit

Scar. Away, out of my doore: Away.
So, now your Champions gone, Minx thou hadst better ha gone
quick vnto thy graue.

Kath.

The Miseries

Ca. O me, that am no cause of it.

Sca. Then haue subornd that slaue to lift his hands against me.

Ka. O me, what shall become of me?

Sca. Ile teach you tricks for this, ha you a companion,

Enter Butler.

But. My hart not suffer me to leaue my honest Mistris and hir pretty children.

Sca. Ile marke thee for a strumpet, and thy Bastards.

But. What will you do to them Sir.

Sca. The Deuill in thy shape come backe againe.

But. No, but an honest seruant Sir wil take this cote,
And weare it with this sword to sauegard these,
And pittie them, and I am wo for you,
But will not suffer
The husband Viper-like to pray on them.
That loue her, and haue cherisht him as these,
As they haue you.

Sca. Slaue.

But. I will not humour you,
Fight with you, and loose my life or these
Shal tast your wrong whom you are bound to loue.

Sca. Out of my doores slaue.

But. I wil not, but wil stay and weare this coat,
And do you seruice whether you will or no.
Ile weare this sword to, and be Champion,
To fight for her in spight of any man.

Sca. You shall. You shall be my maister Sir.

But. No, I desire it not,
Ile pay you duty euen vpon my knee,
But loose my life, ere these oppress Ile see.
Sca. Yes goodman-slaue, you shal be master,
Lie with my wife, and get more Bastards, do, do, do.

Ka. O me.

Sca. Turnes the world vpside downe, that men orebeare theyr
Maisters; It dus, it dus.
For euen as Iudas sold his Maister Christ,
Men buy and sell their wifes at highest puike,
What wil you giue me? what wil you giue me? what wil you giue
me?

But.

of inforced Mariages.

O, Mistris,
My soule weeps, tho mine eyes be dry,
To see his fall and your aduersity,
Some meanes I haue left, which Ile relecue you with,
Into your chamber, and if comfort be a kin
To such great greefe, comfort your children.

scar. I thanke thee Butler, heauen when he please,
Send death vnto the troubled a blest ease. *Exit with children.*

But. Introth I know not if it be good or ill,
That with this endlesse toyle-I labour thus,
Tis but the old times Ancient conscience
That would do no man hurt, that makes me doot,
If it be sinne that I do pittie these,
If it be sinne I haue releued his Brothers,
Haue plaid the theefe with them to get their food,
And made a lucklesse marriage for his Sister,
Intended for her good, heauen pardon me.
But if so, I am sure they are greater sinners,
That made this match, and were vnhappy men,
For they caus'd all, and may heauen pardon them.

Enter sir William scarborrow.

sir Wil. Whose within heere.

But. Sir William kindly welcome.

sir Wil. Where is my kinsman Scarborrow?

Ent. Sooth hees within sir, but not very well.

sir Will. His sicknesse?

But. The hel of sicknes, troubled in his mind.

sir Wil. I gesse the cause of it,

But cannot now intend to visit him,
Great busines for my soueraigne hasts me hence,
Onely this Letter from his Lord and *Guardian* to him,
Whose inside I do gesse, tends to his good,
At my returne Ile see him, so farewell.

Exit

But. Whose inside I do gesse turnes to his good,
He shall not see it now then, for mens minds
Perplexed like his, are like Land-troubling-winds,
Who haue no gracious temper.

Enter Iohn scarborrow.

Iohn. O Butler.

K

But.

The Miseries

But. Whats the fryght now?

Irhn Helpe strait, or on the tree of shame
We both shall perish for the robbery.

But. What ill reueald man?

John Not yet good Butler, only my brother Thomas
In spleene to me, that would not suffer him
To kill our elder brother, had vndone vs
Is riding now to sir *John Harcop* straight, to disclose it.

But. Hart, who would rob with Sucklings:
Where did you leaue him?

John Now taking horse to ride to Yorkshire.

But. I'll stay his iourney, least I meet a hanging.

Exeunt

Enter Scarrborrow.

Scar. Ile parley with the Deuill: I, I will,
He giues his counsell freely, and the cause
He for his Clyents pleads, goes alwaies with them,
He in my cause shall deale then: and Ile aske him
Whether a Cormorant may haue stuft Chests
And see his brother starue: why heele say I,
The lesse they giue, the more I gaine thereby.

Enter Butler.

Their soules, their conles, theyr soules.
How now mayster? Nay, you are my maister?
Is my wifes sheets warme? Dns she kisse well?

But. Good sir.

Scar. Foe, mak not strange for in these daies,
Theres many men lie in theyr maysters sheets,
And so may you in mine and yet: Your businesse sir?

But. Theres one in ciuill habit sir, would speake with you.

Scar. In ciuill habite.

But: He is of seemly ranke sir, and cals himselfe
By the name of Doctor Baxtor of Oxford.

Scar. That man vndid me, he did blossoms blow
Whose fruit proued poyson, tho twas good in shew,
With him Ile parley, and disrobe my thoughts
Of this wilde phrenssey that becoms me not:
A table, candles, stooles, and all things fit,
I know he comes to chide me, and Ile heare him,

With

of inforcest Mariages.

With our sad conference we will call vp teares,
Teach Doctors rules, instruct succeeding yeares:
Vsher him in:

Heauen spare a drop from thence wheres bounties throng
Giue patience to my soule, inflame my toung.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Good mayster Scarborow.

Sca. You are most kindly welcome, sooth ye are.

Doct. I ha important businesse to deliuer you.

Sca. And I haue leysure to attend your hearing.

Doct. Sir, you know I married you.

Sca. I know you did sir.

Doct. At which you promised both to God and men,
Your life vnto your spouse should like snow,
That fals to comfort, not to ouerthrow,
And loue vnto your yssue should be like
The dew of heauen, that hurts not tho it strike,
When heauen and men did witnesse and record
Twas an eternall oath, no idle word
Heauen being pleas'd therewith, bleste you with children;
And at heauens blessings, all good men reioyce.
So that Gods chayre and footstoole, heauen and earth
Made offering at your nuptials as a knot
To minde you of your vow, O breake it not?

Sca. Tis very true.

Doc. Now sir, from this your oth and band,
Faiths pledge, and seale of conscience you ha run,
Broken all contracts, and the forfeiture,
Iustice hath now in sute against your soule,
Angels are made the Iurors, who are witnesses
Vnto the oath you took, and God himselfe
Maker of marriage, he that seald the deed,
As a firme lease vnto you during life,
Sits now as iudge of your transgression,
The world informes against you with this voyce,
If such sinnes raigne, what mortals can reioyce.

Sca. What then ensues to me?

Doc. A heauy doome, whose executions
Now serud vpon your conscience, that euer

The Miseries

You shall feele plagues whom time shall not dissember,
As in a map your eyes see all your life,
Bad words, worse deeds, false oths, and all the iniuries,
You ha done vnto your soule, then comes your wife,
Full of woes drops, and yet as full of pittie,
Who tho she speaks not, yet her eies are sword's,
That cut your hart-strings, and then your children.

scar. Oh, oh, oh.

Doc. Who what they cannot say talke in their lookes,
You haue made vs vp. but as misfortunes bookes,
Whom other men may read in, when presently,
Taskt by your selfe, you are not like a Theefe,
Astonied being accus'd, but scorcht with greefe.

scar. I, I, I.

Doc. Heere stands your wifes tears.

scar. Where?

Doc. And you fry for them, here lie your childrens wants.

Sca. Heere?

Doc. For which you pine in conscience burne,
And wish you had bin better, or nere borne.

Scar. Dus all this happen to a wretch like me.

Doc. Both this and worse, your soule eternally
Shall liue in torment, tho the body dy.

Scar. I shall ha need of drinke then Butler,

Doc. Nay all your sinnes are on your children laide,
For the offences that the father made.

Scar. Are they Sir.

Doc. Before they are.

Enter Butler.

Scar. Butler.

But. Sir?

scar. Go fetch my wife and children hether.

But. I will sir.

sea. He read a Letter to the Doct. too, hees a Deuine? I hees a
Deuine. *But.* I see his mind is troubled, and haue made bold with
dutie to reade a Letter tending to his good, haue made his Bro-
thers friendes: both which I will conceale til better temper: He
sends me for his wife and children, shall I fetch em.

scar. Hees a Deuine, and this Deuine did marry mee, thats
good

of inforst Mariages.

good, thats good,

Doc. Maister Scarborrow.

Scar. Ile be with you straight Sir,

But. I wil obey him,

If any thing doth happen that is Ill,

Heauen beare me record tis against Burlers wil.

Exit.

scar. And this Deuine did marry me,

Whose tongue should be the key to open truth,

As Gods Ambassador. Deliuier, deliuier, deliuier.

Do. Naister Scarborrow,

scar. Ile be with you straight sir,

Saluation to afflicted consciences,

And not giue torment to contented minds,

Who should be lamps to comfort out our way,

And not like Firedrakes to lead men astray,

I, Ile be with you straight sir.

Enter Butler.

But. Heres your wife and children sir?

scar. Giue way then,

I ha my lesson perfit, leaue vs heere

But. Yes I wil go, but I will be so neere,

To hinder the mishap the which I feare.

Exit Butler.

scar. Now sir, you know this Gentlewoman?

Dolt. Kind mistris Scarborrow,

Scar. Nay pray you keepe your seat, for you shal heare,

The same affliction you ha taught me feare,

Due to your selfe.

Doc. To me sir.

scar. To you sir,

You matcht me to this Gentlewoman.

Dolt. I know I did sir.

scar. And you will say she is my wife then.

Doc. I ha reason sir, because I married you.

scar. O that such tongues should ha the time to lie,

Who teach men how to liue, and how to die,

Did not you know my soule had giuen my faith,

In contract to another, and yet you

Would ioyn this Looime vnto vnlawful twists.

The Miseries

Doct. Sir.

Scar. But sir,

You that can see a Mote within my eie,
And with a Callocke blind your owne defects,
Ile teach you this, tis better to do ill,
Thats neuer knowne to vs, then of selfe will,
And these all these in thy seducing eye,
As scorning life make em be glad to die.

Doc. Me Scarborrow.

Scar. Heere will I write, that they which marry wiues,
Vnlawfull liue with strumpets al theyr liues.
Here wil I seale the children that are born,
From wombes vnconsecrate, euen when their soule
Has her infusion, it registers they are foule,
And shrinkes to dwell with them, and in my close,
Ile shew the world, that such abortiue men,
Knit hands without free tongues looke red like them
Stand you and you, to acts most Tragicall,
Heauen has dry eies, when sinne makes sinners fall.

Doc. Helpe maister Scarborrow,

Child. Father.

Ka. Husband.

Sca. These for thy act should die, she for my Clare,
Whose wounds stare thus vpon me for reuenge.
These to be rid from misery, this from sinne,
And thou thy selfe shalt haue a push amongst em,
That made heauens word a pack-horse to thy tongue.
Cotest scripture to make euils shine like good,
And as I send you thus with wormes to dwell,
Angels applaud it as a deed done well.

Enter Butler.

But. Stay him, stay him.

What will you do sir.

Scar. Make fat wormes of stinking carkasses,
What hast thou to do with it?

Enter Ilford and his wife, the two Brothers, and Sir William Scarborrow

But. Looke who are here sir.

Sca. Iniurious vilen that preuentst me still.

But. They are your brothers and allyance Sir.

Scar.

of inforst Mariages.

Scar. They are like full ordinance then, who once discharged,
A farre off giue a warning to my soule,
That I ha done them wrong.

sir Wil Kinsman.

Brother and sister. Brother.

Ka. Husband,

Child. Father.

scar, Harke how their words like Bullets shoot me thorow
And tel mee I haue yndone em, this side might say,
We are in want, and you are the cause of it,
This points at me, yare shame vnto your house,
This tung saies nothing, but her lookes do tell,
Shees married but as those that liue in hel:
Whereby all eies are but misfortunes pipe,
Fild full of wo by me, this feeles the stripe.

But. Yet looke Sir,

Heeres your Brothers hand in hand, whom I ha knie so.

Wife. And looke Sir heeres my husbands hand in mine,
And I reioyce in him, and he in me.

sir wil. I say Cose what is past, the way to blisse,
For they know best to mend, that know amisse,

Ka. Wee kneele, forget, and say if you but loue vs,
You gaue vs greefe for future happines.

scar. Whats at this to my Conscience?

But. Eate, prom se of succeeding ioy to you,
Read but this Letter.

sir Will. Which tels you that your Lord & Guardians dead.

But. Which tels you that he knew he did you wrong,
Was greeud fort, and for satisfaction
Hath giuen you double of the wealth you had.

Bro. Iucreast our portions.

Wife. Giuen me a dowry too.

But. And that he knew,
Your sinne was his, the punishment his due.

Scar. All this is heere,
Is heauen so gracious to sinners then?

But. Heauen is, and has his gracious eies,
To giue men life not like intrapping spies.

scar.

The Miseries

scar. Your hand, yours, yours, to you my soule, to you a kisse,
Introth I am sorry I ha straid amisse,
To whom shall I be thankefull. All silent:
None speake : whist : why then to God,
That giues men comfort as he giues his rod,
Your portions Ile see paid, and I will loue you,
You three Ile liue withall, my soule shall loue you,
You are an honest seruant, sooth you are,
To whom, I these and all must pay amends,
But you I will admonish in coole tearmes,
Let not promotions hope, be as a string,
To tie your tongue, or let loose it to sing.

Doc. From hence it shall not Sir.

scar. Then husbands thus shal norish with their wiues. *Kisse*

Ilf. As thou and I will wench,

Brothers in brotherly loue thus link together, *Imbrace.*

sea. Children and seruants pay their duty thus. *bow and kneels.*
And all are pleas'd.

All. We are.

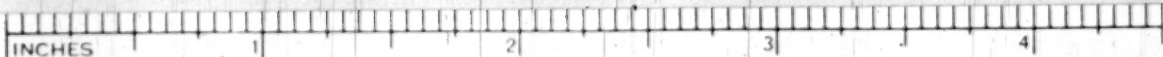
scar. Then if all these bee so,
I am new wed so ends old marryage woe,
And in your eies so louingly being wed,
We hope your hands will bring vs to our bed.

FINIS.



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